The Bet
&
The Dare

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The Bet and the Dare

By AshKnighte

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Chapter 1

The Bet and the Dare; part 1

"I think we should hook up Kal and Grey," Brian announced in a calm voice. The sudden and undeniably random outburst earned him raised eyebrows and bemused looks. Alice laughed, tucked under Caleb's arm.

"Think that was random enough, Bri?" Spencer still had a highly arched eyebrow.

"Uh, yeah. Dude- where the hell did that come from?" Brian merely shrugged.

"They're exactly alike," he defended himself. "Total whores with no ability to have a relationship. It'll make for a good laugh." Caleb pursed his lips and his

gray eyes were laughing. Alice was grinning, as were the other eleven teenagers sitting in the room. The same thought ran through all theirs minds. 'So true...'

"I think we should do it," Caleb announced. "So- Who wants to take Kal?" No one raised their hand. He laughed. "We could always flip a coin." Seven of them, including Brian, raised their hands with the knowledge that the rest of the group would owe them. Kal was notorious for being... difficult.

Kalshan (Kal)

"Isn't that new Grey kid such a cutie?" Brandy raved to me. I rolled my eyes. Grey was new to the school and to my little group. We were occasionally at the same parties, but we were both always too preoccupied with whatever cute catches we'd gotten that night to introduce ourselves. I flopped down on the lush grass of the courtyard and stretched out my already bronzed limbs. I closed my eyes and the warm Vermont sun seeped through my lids, tinted red.

"He's okay," I yawned. I heard an exasperated groan that sounded more like Mariah then Brandy. Lovely, they were ganging up on me.

"You didn't even look at him!" I laughed. I had done plenty of looking. But I was so not going to admit it.

"So?" A small finger lifted my eyelid so I was forced to open my eyes. Candy sat above me, looking far too serious about the whole business. But that was Candy. She was opposite of her name. All business and very little sugar.

"So, he's hot. Maybe you should consider looking." Brian came into my view, his signature grin on his face.

"And he's a total whore. Just like you," he laughed. I just grinned back at him, hooking my leg behind his, and pulled so he collapsed on his stomach, barely missing falling on me. He rained an eyebrow. "Didn't know you wanted me like that, Kal," he purred. I shrugged.

"You do have a nice body." I ran my eyes over his chest, to his legs, and back up. "But I'm not sure

you're my type. Don't have much... experience." Spencer crouched next to me with an evil grin spreading on his face.

"But Grey does."

"Yeah," Anthony muttered, "With my fucking sister." We all laughed. He was never going to get over that. Finally, I sat up.

"What the hell is it with all you, me, and Grey?" Aaron grinned wider, leaning against a tree, and held up three hundred dollar bills.

"None of us think you could keep up a relationship for six weeks," he informed me. Brian snatched the bills from his hand.

"So... We're ready to make a bet." I crossed my arms over my chest and sneered at him.

"Oh?" he held up the cash.

"Three-hundred that you don't last six weeks with Grey." I ground my teeth together, working my jaw. Not only was it three-hundred dollars I could use, but

they were challenging me. And I was never one up turn down an overt challenge.

"Why should I?" I asked. "For money? I could just work more hours. And if I'm with one person, well, I'll be with one person." I made a face. They all laughed.

"Exactly," Brian smirked. I already knew I was going to take the bet. Such an offer was too much to turn down. I glanced over at Grey. And he was such a fine specimen. I kept on a poker face, not letting my friends on. Brian flapped the bills. His lips were still pulled back in a grin, revealing his strong, white teeth. Eventually, I shrugged.

"Are you all sure you're not just trying to hook me up with Grey?" I asked guardedly. They all gave me too innocent eyes.

"Would we do that?" Brian asked sweetly. We all laughed and burst out at the same moment,

"Um, yes!"

"Despite that I'm positive this is just some fucked up way to get me with Grey, I'll do it." They all grinned

and slapped hands. Brandy got out her phone and accidentally sent out her text universally. Because, I too, got the message declaring

She's going 4 it!!!

I rolled my eyes. Little bastards were setting me up. Then I put my phone away and went back to sleeping in the grass.

Greyson (Grey)

It was lunch and, once again, the group was broken into two separate groups. Seven with me. And seven with her. Kal. God, she was gorgeous. Generally, as a rule, I didn't obsess over one single girl, I just went with many, but this one was worth the time. She was tall, slim but with delicious curves, a wonderful long neck, and long deep chestnut hair framing a face with a delicate nose, mouth and chin, but strong jaw and cheekbones, and huge, round deep blue eyes. I was staring again. Gavin bent in front of me, grinning hugely.

"Kal's pretty hot, right?" Beautiful would be a better adjective, but hot was pretty up there on the list of apt descriptions.

"Yeah," Alice laughed. I looked over at her sharply. Alice laughed at me a lot. At my sharp look she just shrugged.

"You couldn't keep that one's interest three weeks," she told me. Gabby, Sunny, and Anne all nodded in agreement. Caleb and Matt shrugged. Gavin patted me kindly on the shoulder, but his eyes were laughing.

"She kinda has a point," he told me. I looked to Caleb who gave me a wry smile and another small shrug.

"It's true," he confirmed. "I've been friends with the girl forever. She's always been fickle." I looked over at her. Her blue eyes pierced through mine as she looked at me. She rolled her eyes and turned her little group, but she was laughing. I wondered what it would be like to have those great teeth set on me. It was an appealing thought.

"I'll do it." They all looked at me. "Keep her. And for longer than three weeks. Six weeks. I'll keep her twice as long." I could have whoever wanted and quite frequently did. I grinned. "I can tackle her." In so many more ways than one.

Chapter 2

The Bet and the Dare; part 2

Kal

That evening found me at my house, alone with Kevin. We'd been friends since I could remember. He was the one, the summer before ninth grade, I gave my virginity to. We weren't in love or anything, but we were very close friends, with a mutual liking and physical attraction. It seemed to be the most natural course of action. He had proved to be a gentle and attentive lover and had seen to it that any discomfort on my part was minimal. We stayed friends and sexual partners, of sorts. After school we were just sitting on my couch, watching Bones on TV. I was

sitting between his legs with my back against his chest.

"I'm going to be dating this kid, Greyson, for six weeks," I told him. Kevin raised a pierced eyebrow and turned down the volume on the TV. I made a small noise and reached back to snatch the remote back. He held it behind his head so, even fully stretched out across him, I couldn't reach it.

"So what are you trying to say Kal?" he asked with a playful glint in his brown eyes. He knew damn well what I was trying to say. He was just going to make me say it. I kept stretching over him to get the controller. Still, I couldn't reach. It was very frustrating. Especially when his arm clamped around my waist to hold me still.

"I'm trying to tell you I'm going to have a boyfriend for the next six weeks you little fuck." Smoothly, drawing on some of the skills I'd learned as a second degree black belt, I shoved in his elbow and pulled back on his forearm. He yelped from the pain of almost having his shoulder dislocated and with a self-satisfied grin I grabbed the remote.

"You're trying to tell me we're going to have a strictly platonic relationship for the next six weeks," he grunted. He still looked like he was in some pain. I nodded.

"You'd better be good," I snapped at him. "Because my self-control is zip." He was kissing my neck. He laughed, letting his breath fan out over my skin.

"I know." I started to pull away but he kept a steady hold. My last night for six weeks of being with whoever I wanted. Depressing thought, that.

Grey

It was a usual evening. Father got home his usual time. I swam my laps as I usually did for forty minutes. We had out usual, awkward dinner my father insisted we have every night, each of us on opposite ends of the twelve foot long table. Then, as per usual, I had a pretty girl I'd met a couple weeks before at friend's party over for a few hours, then sent her home in the limo.

After, I laid on my bed, sipping at brandy, and staring at my ceiling. How exactly was I supposed to ask

someone exactly like me out? Getting her drunk wouldn't work. From what I'd heard the girl could hold her alcohol. And if I asked her when she was drunk she'd just get mad and pull out. I couldn't give her candy or flowers. She would think it was cheesy. Sexual favors implied a short, one or two week relationship at the most. She would be uncomfortable with diamonds, of that I was sure. None of my usual insidious tactics would work on her. I had to think of me. How would I want to be asked out? She drank coffee at the same little place every morning. I could "happen" to go in at the same time as her, pay for her coffee, tell her she was gorgeous, ask her out.

"Greyson," my father's voice filled my room. A very unwelcome sound. I half raised one eyelid to look at him, then shut it again. I didn't answer him. If he wanted to talk, he could open his mouth and vibrate his vocal cords. I wasn't about to put in the effort. I just wanted him to leave.

"You remember that charity ball tomorrow night?" Fuck. I'd forgotten that. I'd been planning on taking

Kal to a local bar I knew where Julien K was playing. Who the hell wanted to go to a charity ball on a first date?

"I bought tickets to a concert," I informed him with a lazy lie. "And isn't always you who's telling me to honor my commitments? After all, I did commit to go." Or, I had called Gabe, the bouncer, and told him I'd probably be there with a leggy brunette, which was as close to committing to something as I got lately. My life was turning into a lovely, blurred haze of drinking, clubbing and girls. School was just an inconvenient detour in the rest of my life.

"A concert isn't a commitment," he snapped. I shrugged, eyes still closed.

"But the girl I'm taking is."

"Why don't you take her to the ball?"

"Kind of an awkward first sate. Sorry, I know I told you we were just going to a concert, but could you dress up like Cinderella instead?" I opened my eyes so I could roll them at him. "Please, be serious Maximus."

"Fine. Do whatever the hell you want." He slammed the door behind him. I always did.

Chapter 3

The bet and the Dare; part 3

Kal

"Hey Kal. Usual?" Caroline, the slight black girl behind the counter of Capitol Grounds coffee shop, called out as I walked in. I smiled tiredly.

"I ever get anything else?" She laughed.

"Nope. Guess that's why it's your usual." The morning routine was comforting after my night. April, my mother, came home drunk with one of her boy toys to find me curled up under my sheets, naked, cradled to Kevin's chest. She yelled at me about what a little slut I was. How if I got pregnant I wasn't going to be her problem. I retorted that she was being a bit

hypocritical. After that I couldn't stand staying there. So I spent the night at Kevin's house. It made me so relieved that Kariana wasn't home. She was only seven years old. The last thing she needed was to be around April when she was drunk, angry, and one of her boys over.

"Hard night?" Caroline asked. I shrugged.

"Are they ever easy with April?" She gave me a small, comforting smile. "Hey, thanks for watching Kari." Caroline just shrugged. I grabbed her wrist. "I mean it. I really didn't want her there when April got home. Every time she goes out with that one..." I shrugged. "It's just bad."

"Hey. You know I'm happy to watch the kid any time." I smiled and started to pay her but a strong hand clamped over my wrist. I looked up to see Greyson. I'd almost forgotten about him. But it was impossible to forget about him when he was standing so close his chest barely brushed my back, six-foot-two, looking down on me with those sea green eyes of his, fringed in golden lashes. His wavy gold hair fell over his high forehead but didn't quite manage to repress

the severity of his straight brows, strong Grecian features, and full mouth. A really great mouth. He smiled at me with perfect teeth.

"Allow me," he said smoothly. Coherent refusal was difficult with his toned arms wrapped loosely around me. Immediately I berated myself for the thought. He was means for a bet. That was all. Dating him was going to suck.

"I can get it, thanks," I told him with a bit of snap in my voice. His smile widened to a boyish grin. Devastatingly charming.

"I don't doubt you can. But I want to." I tossed my cash on the counter, grabbed my coffee from Caroline, and, after giving him a sound elbow in the gut, ducked from under Grey's possessive stance around me.

"Later, Caroline." I turned to Greyson, his face was still rather pained. "Thanks, but no thanks." I opened the door and turned. "I take care of myself." I turned away, only to be stopped by his voice,

"Kalshan?" He tucked his bottom lip under his top teeth and ran his eyes slowly over my body, lingering at my rather revealed chest, then back up to my eyes. "Don't think you get off that easy." I left the shop, flushing with embarrassment for the first time in four years.

Grey

So Kalshan was going to play hard-to-get, and play violently. I could go with that. For a price. I threw my money on the counter, gave the pretty barista a vague thanks, and took my latte. There was obviously a reason everyone had acted so sure I couldn't get their precious Kal, let alone keep her. It had been an obvious dare, and never one to turn down a challenge, of course I doubled it. But if Kalshan was going to be this difficult, I wasn't doing what they wanted without something for my efforts. A dare was about to be turned into a bet.

I walked out into the sunlight. The morning was cool and I allowed myself a moment to savor the refreshing chill of a Vermont morning. This time of month in Scottsdale it was already ninety degrees by

eight in the morning. The crisp air mixed with the warmth of the sun was the perfect way to start a morning. I got in my new cerulean Z4 convertible and, as soon as the car was on, commanded,

"Call Caleb." A ring tone came over the speaker, then Caleb's voice,

"Hello?"

"She's beyond difficult. Already. I offered to cover coffee and she practically tried to maim me!" I heard Caleb snort over the phone.

"What'd she do?" I pressed the gas pedal and my car started moving with a small squeal. Somehow, driving fast just seemed to help anger.

"Elbowed me in the stomach. Hard. My intestines may be fucking ruined." Caleb full out laughed. Laughed. I couldn't believe him. How the hell was this even remotely funny?

"I did forget to mention she's a black belt, didn't I?" I narrowed my eyes at the phone sitting in it's cradle and growled,

"Bastard." Caleb just laughed again. "I demand compensation for putting myself in harms way. This has ceased to be a dare, and just became a bet. You guys have some fucked up reason for wanting us together, well, you're getting it. For a price." Caleb's laughing died down and he cleared his throat.

"If you win and stay with her for six weeks, what do you want?" he asked in a guarded voice. I grinned to myself.

"You know that English class I'm already failing?" I asked cheerfully. Caleb groaned,

"No."

"Yes. I want to pass, and you're going to help me."

"Those answers, are, like almost impossible to get. I mean, my hacking skills are pretty damn impressive, but not that impressive."

"You get five g's if you win." I could almost hear him perk up.

"Deal."

"Good. Oh, and what does Kalshan have first hour?"

"Stagecraft." I hung up the phone without saying goodbye. It was an overrated custom anyway. As I pulled into the parking lot, a smile played on my lips. I was going to get Kal and pass English. It was going to be an interesting six weeks.

Chapter 4

The Bet and the Dare; part 4

Kal

I looked down at my almost finished set draft. It was perfect, all the lines exactly where they were supposed to be. Everything in scale. A week of obsessing and it was finally almost done. I hated set designing, especially first hour, but no on else wanted to design the set for As You Like It. Too many set changes, was the general complaint. So I took the job on as well as lighting. I wasn't complaining too much, though. It was a load of extra credit points. Satisfied that I'd done enough for the day, I pushed the papers to the edge of the drafting table, put my head down, and slept the rest of the thirty minutes of class away...

When I woke up I nearly screamed. My perfect draft was ruined. Big, neat letters filled the page in bright red marker. 'I don't like being elbowed. You owe me, Kalshan.' I looked up the rest of the class, incredulous.

"Really? You let him waltz in and ruin my set design?" I asked in a high pitched voice. Morgan managed to mostly hold back her laughter but a few stray giggles came out.

"He didn't tell us he was going to ruin it," she defended herself and the rest of the class. Fucking traitors.

"Now I have to remake it. By hand. Chris ruined the fucking machine!" Chris coughed and looked away. I balled up the draft sheet and threw it at them. Morgan managed to catch it.

"By lunch, I want a draft sheet prepared. We have a deadline, you know." I started walking out, then turned on them right before I closed the door. "Next time, ask exactly what the person with the red marker wants to write on my draft sheet."

I stomped my way to choir, black leather ankle boots clacking on the tile floor. There went my perfect grade. Not that I obsessed over my grades, or anything. But I prided myself on being able to do better than everyone else in whatever I did. This would put me back on my project a full week. I was going to get Greyson. Somehow. Meanwhile-

"Hi Brian," I greeted my friend too loudly. He groaned and grabbed his head.

"God. It's you." I grinned.

"Have a good time last night?" I asked, still too loud. Ahh, sweet revenge. Three weeks ago I'd been in the same position, and what had Brian done but yell in my ear all hour? It was my turn.

"Actually, yes. Until Monica got me fucking wasted." I laughed and Brian winced.

"Jesus, Kal. Could you, like, breathe quieter?" he croaked. I patted him on the back hard enough to jostle his head. He moaned slightly and I gave him a thousand-watt grin. Our teacher chose to play our music especially loud that day and Brian looked

pained the entire time. Once again, ahh, sweet revenge. By the end of class, I figured he'd suffered enough, though, and gave him three Advil and an Odwalla juice I'd brought from home for this exact purpose.

"You're an angel," he told me, still in a rather rough voice. Before I could answer a deep voice, already becoming rather familiar, called out,

"Kal, buttercup." I turned, hissing under my breath,

"Mother fucker."

Grey

I would say ruining her project may have been over-kill, but I really didn't think it was. In fact, I thought it was perfect, as far avenging my bruised kidneys went, it was rather mild. Which was why, for the second half hour of English class (shudder) I tried to devise more ways of getting back at the exquisite Kalshan. I knew which car was hers, I could hire some random Freshman to go out and buy me eggs, silly string, and honey then sabotage the car. I was

good at breaking and entering, I could probably even get her interior. But that was just momentary relief.

"So, do you like, get this?" I girl chewing bright pink bubble gum with bleach blonde hair and a chest that could not be natural leaned over and put her hand on my forearm, looking at my paper. When she leaned over a generous amount of cleavage showed. I leaned away, disgusted. I would never know why parents got their seventeen year old daughters implants. She just leaned with me. I put a finger against her forehead and pushed her away.

"I like my personal space, Monica. Stay out of it." She just giggled and settled herself into her seat. I let loose a small sigh of relief. Back to revenge: I could throw water balloons filled with soda at her from the roof. She was wearing a white shirt that day... but that would be more for my pleasure than revenge. Scratch that plan.

"So, what counts as personal space?" God! The ho was up on me again! What did it take? I ran my hands down her neck, to her collar bones, then shoved her off.

"Stay off me, you plastic ho," I snapped quiet enough for the teacher to not hear from the front of the class. I'd been subject to Monica's games since the beginning of the year. I was new to the high school. New, rich game. And she was a ho who was willing to put out for anyone. I was always up for girls who were willing to put out, but their assets had to be real. Fake didn't turn me on like the real thing. Like Kalshan. I grinned. The perfect revenge. And it went along with my plans exactly as it was.

Accounting 101 went by even slower than usual. I was itching to get to the Arts hall and to Kalshan. As soon as the bell rang I jumped from my seat and walked as fast as I could without looking like a freak to my desired area. Then I saw her, laughing.

"Kal, buttercup." Her face turned from amused to pissed and I saw her lips form the words, "mother fucker." It was on. Time to see how she played the game...

Chapter 5

The Bet and the Dare; part 5

Kal

It wasn't a delusion. He really called me Buttercup. I'd never been one for pet names as it was, but Buttercup? Where the hell did he come up with that one? I could only watch in horror as he walked up to me, that charming smile on his face, from across the hall. People had literally stopped in their tracks to watch what would happen next. I wasn't exactly known for being tolerant, and random guys I didn't like hitting on me wasn't something I generally tolerated. But then, it wasn't anything I had to deal with often. Most guys had more brains then pretty boy walking towards me.

"Payback's a bitch," he whispered when he reached me. Was he talking about the draft? It wasn't that big a shot. Then I realized, he wasn't talking about the draft. He was talking about the next six weeks which were about to be publicized. Before I could pass him and make a run for it, Greyson had me backed up against the lockers, one hand on each side of me. I was about to protest, but then he pressed his lips to mine. I honestly didn't mean to kiss him back; in fact, I protested for a good three seconds. But he was just, so good. He barely nipped at my top lip, forcing my mouth to open, then he was just- everywhere and I forgot how to think. His hands ran down my sides, to my hips, and around to my ass. I small sound of surprise came to my lips, but was lost into his mouth.

Then it was over and Greyson was grinning down at me, his lips moist from kissing. And god, he looked hot. He hadn't backed away, so we were still pressed, chest to thigh. The crows was pretending to be paying attention to each other, while really watching us.

"I just thought we shouldn't have to keep it a secret any longer," I realized Grey was talking. "I know it's all moving so fast, but why shouldn't everyone know?" I was over his mediocre kiss. Okay, so not mediocre, but just okay. Who was I kidding? It was a mind blowing out of this world kiss, but this was not the time to focus on that!

"Can I talk to you outside?" I asked, forcing a sweet smile to my lips. Greyson smiled back and wrapped an arm around my waist, ensuring I had to stay with him, and led me to the outside hallway which was, thank god, empty.

"What the fuck was that?" I asked. Grey shrugged.

"I'm pretty sure that was me kissing you senseless and making the rest of the school think we've been secretly together." I opened my mouth, then closed it again. What did you answer to that? It was so fucking beyond absurd.

"First, you did not kiss me senseless." Grey's smile just widened.

"I think that's up for debate, my dear." I rolled my eyes.

"Second, where do you come off making everyone think we're dating? All I have to do is contradict you." Greyson laughed at me. I crossed my arms under my chest, then realizing when Greyson's eyes drifted there that the gesture enhanced my cleavage, I moved my hands to my hips.

"You really think you're going to contradict me? No one's going to believe you." He started walking towards me, pushing me into retreat until I was against the wall. "See, I'm becoming just as well known and liked as you, Kalshan. If you put me down in front of all those people, your reputation will be smoke. And mine will just keep building. I'll have the pity of everyone in school that Kalshan, notorious for serial dating, couldn't handle settling down for any length of time. And you, dearest Kalshan," he laughed a little at the endearment, "will have only contempt." I didn't want to admit it, but dammit the boy was right.

"So what do you propose?" I asked.

"I would think that was obvious. I propose we start dating." I pursed my lips, then a brilliant idea came to mind.

"I bet you can't handle me for six weeks." Greyson grinned down at me.

"What are the terms?" he asked.

"I win, your hot little BMW is mine." Greyson raised an eyebrow. "You pick what you want," I told him.

"I win, I get laid by you as many times as I want for two months after the bet." I considered that for a moment. "Take it or leave it," Grey shrugged.

"We're on."

Grey

I sent out a text to everyone telling them the bet was rolling. And now, not only did I have my bet with the gang going for me, I had one going with Kal. And an interesting one at that, I knew Kalshan was experienced, she was kind of notorious for it, but she wasn't overt about it. She had killer good looks, a perfect chest, glorious legs, but she always managed

to show class when showing off her assets. I liked that about her. I was fascinated by it. And it made me want to rip off those cloths, that cool persona, throw her on my bed and see if I could make her scream. An interesting thought to keep me through physics and on to lunch.

We all agreed to go to a local café that day for lunch. All sixteen of us. And I would be going with Kalshan on my arm acting as my girlfriend. This was going to be such an interesting hour. The interest started right when Kal came out of her PE class, her white v-neck tee shirt clinging to her skin where small amounts of sweat had built up, and her long legs gleaming from being outside, running around for an hour. Most girls just looked gross sweaty, Kal managed to make it look like the sexiest thing on earth.

"Hey, Buttercup," I grinned. "You look hot." I let my eyes run over her slowly and a grin spread on my face. "In more ways than one." She raised her sharply arched eyebrows at me.

"Do you need to so obviously strip me down every time you see me for god's sake?" she snapped. I laughed.

"We haven't gotten near the stripping part, Kalshan. But we can certainly go there if you like." She rolled her eyes and brushed past me, tossing that shiny, chestnut hair over her shoulder. When we met up with the group right outside the main building, she automatically separated herself from me and went to walk with Spencer, Sunny, and Gavin who were farthest away from me. I allowed it. The café would be filled with people from our school, I would make a scene then.

When we got to the café I ordered a piece of pizza and, when Kal only ordered coffee, made it two. I liked my girls slender, not skinny. Kal ditched me to go mingle and I just watched for a while until she reached a group of jocks. Then I was slightly more attentive. Our food was placed in front of me, but I decided to watch for just a moment more. Kal said something that made one of the jocks laugh and slap her butt. I pushed away from the table and walked

over to them. I wrapped my arms around Kal's waist and bent down so my face was close to hers.

"Buttercup, our food is ready," I said in a crooning voice. The guys at the table started snickering until one of them finally burst out,

"Buttercup?!" They all started laughing.

"Mmh," was all she replied. She gave the boys a wicked smile and turned around in my arms. The smile turned to more of a sneer. My head was pulled down to meet her lips. Her tongue traced my teeth. The restaurant was filled with cheers and hollers. Kal's knee started sliding up my inner thigh. My stomach bunched into a single, fisted knot. She paused momentarily half way up my thigh then suddenly kneed me hard in the groin while simultaneously biting my lip until almost bled. I pulled away and doubled over from the pain. She just grinned. As Kal passed she bend over, so her luscious ass would be fully on view to the football players behind her and her chest was fully revealed to me. She put her lips right to my hear and hissed,

"Call me Buttercup again, bitch."

Chapter 6

The Bet and the Dare; part 6

okay, so this chapter, part, thing isn't like hilarious, just kind of a few pages to get to know Greyson and Kalshan a bit better. But there are some amusing parts. hope you like it. :)

ps, thanks to those who commented and voted for me! But i may not be able to post for a few days. Gotta get started on my schoolwork. Honors English is a bitch

---

Kal

I sat in my room that first evening of dating Greyson, of that's what it could be called, thinking of revenge tactics. He'd called me Buttercup more times than I could count that day and, god damn it, I was going to get back at him one way or another. I opened my laptop and started brainstorming ideas. But none of them seemed obvious enough. I would have to tell him why I was getting back at him. Suddenly, an idea struck. I picked up my phone and called up Mariah.

"Hello?"

"Hey Mariah."

"Oh, hey Kal! What's up?" I grinned to myself. This was going to be the hard part, convincing Mariah. After this, it was all going to come easy. I would get back at Greyson and win my bet.

"Remember in that old movie Big Fat Liar with Frankie Muniz and Amanda Bynes?" Mariah paused for a moment.

"Yeah."

"Remember the pool scene?" This time her answer came immediately, but her voice was hesitant. She knew I was up to something.

"Yesss."

"Okay. Good. That's going to take a lot of dye, right?" She didn't answer, so I answered for her. "Yes. Do your parents still have that buttercup yellow color in their shop?" Her parents ran a shop specializing in heavy duty dyes.

"Yes." She paused for a moment, and I let it ink in for a minute. "No, you can't have it."

"It's been in the shop for like five years," I whined.

"Yes, but I know why you want it."

"Have it at my house at twelve tonight?" I asked. She sighed.

"Fine." I grinned and hung up. Just as I was about to open Google earth and call Caleb Kariana walked into my room. I closed my laptop and patted the bed next to me.

"What's up, honey?" I asked. She pointed outside my room.

"A boy is at the door for you." I got up and went to the door. That wasn't exactly uncommon. I had a lot of guy friends and... that bastard.

"What the hell are you doing here?" He grinned at me. That boyish grin that made my heart skip a few beats. God, how did he do it?! I looked him over and it didn't help anything. No one should have been allowed to look so hot in such a simple outfit as dark jeans and a black button down, rolled up to the elbows and the top three buttons unbuttoned so their perfectly smooth chest... I forced my mind to stop right there.

"I've come to take you to dinner. Hope you like Greek." I turned and smiled at Karina.

"Kari, sweetie, would you go to your room?" She put on a pout but did as I asked. I turned back to Grey. "I can't leave the house. Kari's babysitter isn't coming tonight." A car pulled up and Grey stayed quiet as the young woman walked up my driveway and to the

door. She looked over Greyson, grinned, and turned to me.

"Hey, I've come for Kari," she grinned. I groaned.

"Hey, Caitlyn. She's in her room." She walked past me and to the room. Grey raised an eyebrow.

"Not coming tonight, hm?" He stepped a bit closer. "You can either go change and come willingly, or I'll pick you up and take you to dinner dressed as you are." He ran his over my body in that slow way of his again. I suddenly felt very underdressed in my small tee-shirt and short soffes.

"I'm not going." Greyson shrugged and picked me up easily in his arms. "You wouldn't?" He grinned and strode out of the house. I pummeled at his shoulder, but he kept striding towards his car.

"Fine!" I yelled. "You win! Put me down!" One of my neighbors walked out of her house and gave us a weird look before getting into her car. Greyson laughed but put me down. I walked away from him with as much dignity as I could muster and upstairs to my room so I could change. Getting ready was

quick, I just undressed and slipped into a black dress, skin tight that stopped just a couple inches under my butt, black pumps, a black clutch, and a swirly glass pendent on a black ribbon. I let my hair down then peeked into Kari's room, said goodnight, and went downstairs.

"You look hot, Buttercup." I jumped slightly. His voice came from behind me and I turned. Greyson was walking towards me and, this time, I didn't retreat. Instead I smiled. It should have been the first sign for him that something was up, but if he wanted to be a dumbass, it wasn't my problem. Grey grabbed me low around my hips and dragged me to him. His kisses were quick and fleeting, before he deepened it. I kissed him back while pushing his pant leg up with the toe of my heel. Then I dug the sharp point of the heel into his leg. Grey jumped back.

"Fuck!" I grinned and started for the door.

"Language." I paused. "Buttercup."

Grey

Thirty minutes later, sitting in the restaurant, my leg still hurt from Kalshan's mauling. I wanted to lean down and rub it, but she was still looking at me with that smile of hers. Like a cat looking at the canary cage. I didn't really like my role as prey. If her idea of fun wasn't so violent, I would actually love a position as prey. But I didn't particularly like pain. Outside of sex, that is. The waiter put a menu in front of each of us. I didn't pick mine up for a moment, just watched Kalshan. God she was perfect. If she weren't such a bitch... her eyes went wide.

"What is it?" I asked and took her menu. It still had the prices. Incompetent fool of a waiter. I snapped my fingers at the boy and he was instantly there.

"Did I not ask for a menu without prices for the lady?" I asked in a low voice. He paled. I shoved the menu into his hands. "I believe I did. So why don't you do your job and fulfill that request." He scurried off. Kal raised an eyebrow. I shrugged an took a sip of my champagne. (Thank god for fake ID's)

"A lady should never have to worry about prices when being taken to dinner," I answered in a mild

voice. She just shook her head, looking rather bemused. After dinner I decided to take her to a movie. That was pretty typical for a date, right? Dinner, movie, drop her off at home and go to my own bed. Alone. I wondered, if it was just a relationship based on a bet, did it have to be a monogamous relationship? It wasn't a real relationship after all. I considered asking, but Kal's phone rang. She picked up, said a few noncommittal responses, cursed, and hung up.

"I have to go home. Kari's sick." I turned the car around but asked,

"Where are your parents?" She crossed her arms under her chest and stared forward as she answered,

"Dad left a few years ago and is nowhere to be found. Mom's probably out screwing some random guy she picked up in a bar. That's what she always does. My job is basically to act like the adult." She closed her mouth abruptly as if she couldn't believe she'd just said that. We were in front of her house. I turned off the car and got out to open her door, which she had already opened for herself.

"Thanks for dinner." Kalshan leaned in and ran her lips up my throat, her hands on my hips. I wondered if I was actually about to get a real kiss. One without pain. Finally her lips reached mine but she didn't really kiss me. They were small, nibbling kisses. A few licks in there. I tried not to respond. Every time I responded to her I got a bruise. But, god, it was impossible not to. I took her hands and moved them up from my hips, then grabbed hers. She pulled away and shoved me hard against my car.

"Tell anyone what I told you tonight, and you're fucking dead," she told me calmly, before walking inside. Well... shit.

Chapter 7

The Bet and the Dare; part 7

So i decided to ditch Tale of Two cities and write another couple pages. :) hope you all like it!

Kalshan

Twelve o-clock found me putting Kari down for the last time that night with a large bowl by her bed incase she needed to throw up again. My phone vibrated and I pulled it out of my pocket to see a text from Mariah saying,

Out front

I grinned and ran down the stairs and out the front door. She was indeed there, sitting calmly in her Lexus, a pout on her face. When I walked out she got of the front seat.

"It's in the trunk." We opened the trunk of the car and pulled the cases of dye out. "I had nothing to do with this," Mariah told me in a severe voice. I handed her three hundreds and grinned.

"'Course not."

* * *

Caleb had been very helpful in my plan, not that he knew it. Of course I could have gone online and spent all that time trying to find Greyson's address, but Caleb had been obliging enough as to give it to me. As it turned out, Grey lived almost directly behind one of my ex-boyfriends, Danny, who had also been so obliging as to let me use his house. So at one in the morning I rang his doorbell, a grin plastered on my face and my back-back slung over my shoulder, filled with buttercup yellow dye. He opened the door wider, inviting me in.

"I don't want to know what you're doing Kalshan, so don't tell me." I laughed and headed for the back door.

"Don't worry, this is a strictly "need to know" mission. I pulled up my hood and headed outside. Jumping the fences proved to be easy. Over two, back one, and I was in Greyson's yard. Damn nice yard, too. Kid had money. A lot. Then again, that had been displayed at dinner earlier that evening. I looked around, getting my bearings. This was going better than I had thought it would. Then the fucking dog started barking. A window opened somewhere in the house and I froze, trying not even to breathe.

"Shut up, Killer!" Greyson's voice called out. I pulled a bone out of my back-pack and offered it to the dog, no longer paralyzed. He took it, wagging his tail, and trotted off. The window closed and I breathed. Okay, business. I pulled out a few containers of yellow dye and poured them into the pool, one after the other. That done, it was time to find the filter. Wouldn't want the dye to get out of the pool before morning...

Grey

I got up with a splitting headache, my stupid dog had woken me up around one in the morning barking at some phantom. Stupid animal. I had no idea why we even had him. It wasn't as though he were a good guard dog. Give him a bone and he would go away, wagging his tail. With a groan, I rolled out of bed and changed into my swimming trunks. Getting in my pool would help, as it always did. I trudged down the stairs, past the kitchen where Maximus was already having his morning coffee, and to the backyard. I executed a perfect dive into the water, and started swimming my daily laps.

When I was finished, I dried off with my yellow towel and laughed a little. A buttercup yellow towel. Like my own buttercup. I paused for a moment, my buttercup? She wasn't my anything. Except my nightly fun for a couple months after this next six weeks. That fact reestablished, I went inside and to the kitchen for water. A glance at the clock told me I didn't have time for a shower, so I sprinted up the stairs, got dressed, and quickly glanced the mirror then walked away. Then looked again, walked away, looked again. I was fucking buttercup yellow.

"That bitch!"

Chapter 8

The Bet and the Dare; part 8

Kal

The morning after my little "mission" at Grey's, I was absolutely about to fall over with fatigue, but it was so worth it when he wasn't at school. I was going to get a day of peace! I'd never been one of those people who avoided confrontation, but damn, Greyson was starting to wear on me. After a day. I was pretty sure that was a bad sign as far as relationships went. But if HE was starting to wear on ME I couldn't imagine the effect I must have been having on him. I could see my BMW about in reach. I left my third hour with a huge grin on my face. It widened at the sight of Grey.

So, I have to admit, I wasn't expecting it to work so brilliantly, but it did! Greyson was bright buttercup yellow, skin hair, and all. Everyone was coming out of their classes and, upon seeing Greyson, laughing. The hall was filled with teenagers doubled over laughing, but Greyson ignored them and headed straight for me, looking mad as hell. I tried to keep a straight face, but when Greyson reached me, I couldn't help the few giggles that managed to come out and a choked,

"You look good in yellow, Grey." He walked me backward until I was shoved into the wall. He slammed me into it and caged me against the wall so he was pressed so tight against me it was uncomfortable. I couldn't even lift my face to look at him. Grey lifted me up so we were face to face. I wrapped my legs around his waist to get more comfortable.

"Ooh, Grey, didn't know you wanted me that bad. We can just get a room after school," I cooed.

"Where did you get the dye, Kalshan?" he asked in a quietly dangerous voice. I gave him big, innocent eyes and shrugged.

"I have no idea what you're talking about, Greyson. You really should thank your new colorist, though." A few more laughs got out. Grey's face went from angry to angrier and suddenly I found myself slung over his shoulder and Greyson was striding out of the hall. I pounded on his back with tight fists.

"Put me down, you bastard!" I yelled. He didn't, just continued out of the school and to the parking lot. And no one stopped him. I couldn't believe no one stopped him!

"You are finally going to learn your lesson, Kal. See, unlike your last relationships I won't be abused." He dumped me unceremoniously into his car. I considered running, but figured my chances of getting away safely were miniscule at best, so I stayed as Greyson got into the front seat. The drive to his house was silent and tense. Grey's hands were clenching the steering wheel so tightly the tendons were sticking out and his knuckles were white. He

looked at me as though there was nothing he would like to do in that moment then hit me. I scooted as far to the right of my seat as I could, eyeing him wearily.

When we got to his house Greyson snapped, "Out." I climbed out of the car and followed him through the house and into his backyard. It was a nice house, very light and open. But it felt unlived in. Slightly uninviting. I shivered a little and followed Grey out back. When I was outside he picked me up and sat me down, then took off my shoes.

"What are you doing?" I snapped. He was NOT getting me undressed that easily. He grinned at me.

"I like the shoes too much to ruin them." He picked me up and walked towards the pool. "Everything else, however, can go into the pool." And I found myself emerged in water. While Greyson was laughing I remembered on the package it had said that if you washed off ten minutes after touching the dye, it would clean off. Greyson was laughing too hard to really take notice of what I was doing, so I hoisted myself out of the pool and made a run for the back door.

"Hey!" I looked back and grinned at him. When I reached inside I slammed the door shut and quickly locked it to detain him for a few moments. Stairs. I ran towards them and up, searching frantically for a bathroom. A door was open at the end of the hall. I looked in and saw that it was a bathroom. With a huge shower. I ran in, shut the door, turned on the shower, and quickly stripped out of my cloths. After a few minutes the water that ran off me was no longer yellow. I sighed in relief. Then I heard the door open. I grabbed a towel and covered myself with it, not caring if it got wet.

"Hello." Greyson opened the door to the shower and grinned at me, taking in my barely covered form. I could feel a blush running up my neck and into my cheeks. He laughed.

"What do you want?" I asked.

"Considering you're in my house using my shower I think I should be asking that. But, I will tell you what I came to tell you anyway. I have an appointment with my dermatologist then my stylist to hopefully get rid of this damn yellow. My room is just through

that door there. You can borrow some of my cloths to get home." He leaned into the shower, getting his shirt wet. I backed away a little, tucking my bottom lip under my teeth as I did when something was starting to stress me out.

"I'll see you later." Grey's hand ran from my bare hip and up to just under my arm. He leaned in and dragged my lip out of my mouth with his teeth, then barely pulled on it with his lips. "Buttercup." He turned and left. Was he never going to stop calling me Buttercup?

Grey

So, making her yellow with me wasn't going to work. That, however, was just fine. My stylist gave me a special shampoo that got the color out in four washes and my dermatologist gave me a cream that, after I let it sit for an hour then washed it off, got rid of the color. I looked in the mirror for thirty minutes straight convincing myself that I was a normal color again before I went off for true revenge. Gabby had been most helpful in getting Kal out of the house for twenty minutes while I broke in and found her room.

Once there I started opening drawers randomly. Underwear drawer. Underwear drawer. Every girl had one, right? Finally I found a cabinet in her closet. And a drawer filled with sexy lingerie.

"Good taste, Kal," I murmured to myself. I grabbed everything in the drawer and shoved it into my bag. Operation revenge, in process.

Chapter 9

The Bet and the Dare; part 9

Grey's revenge on Kal and her reaction amused me, hope you all like too

Thanks a ton for reading! :)

Kal

My third morning of dating Greyson I woke up to Kariana running into my room and jumping onto my bed with a big smile on her face. I patted the sheets next to me and she climbed under the covers, snuggling up to my side.

"Mommy's gone and I have no ride to school." I groaned quietly in the back of my throat.

"Doesn't the school have, like, a bus?" I asked. Kari shook her head, her dark brown curls bouncing.

"Nope. Our house is too close to the school." I pushed the covers off of us and got to my feet.

"Okay, then. Go downstairs and have some cereal. I'll be down there in a moment." Kari nodded enthusiastically and made her cheerful way downstairs. I looked at my clock and realized I was running late. Shit. I grabbed the bra off my desk chair and quickly slipped off my tee-shirt and it on. I opened my closet and realized I so needed to do laundry. So I grabbed the first clean thing I could see, Grey's dark blue silk tee I had borrowed the day before. I put a belt on over it, pulled my hair back into a quick ponytail, and slipped my feet into a pair of black pumps.

"Ready, Kari?!" I yelled as I ran down the stairs. "We need to go now if we're going to get you a hot chocolate." I heard her make a small, gleeful yelp. It made me smile. I got Kari quickly into my car and

drove as fast as I could without risking being pulled over for speeding to Capitol Grounds. I got my coffee, Kari got her hot chocolate, then I dropped Kariana at school, dropping a kiss on her head. Then I headed off for my school.

When I got out of my car, the school was in an absolute uproar. It seemed to be coming from the flagpole so I strode in that direction with long, easy strides. I felt confident. I had Greyson this close to the edge and I knew I was going to have my new car soon. It was a good feeling. Then I got to the flagpole where the uproar was. It was mostly guys, gathered around, pulling the rope down. There was a huge sign saying,

"Missing Something Kalshan?" I ran forward and looked at the rope in wide eyed confusion. Then I recognized my favorite black, lacy bra. Another bright orange one. All my bras, in fact, and all the small, lacy thongs to match. My eyes widened even more. He wouldn't... He couldn't have... He didn't... My eyes didn't deceive me. Apparently he would, he was able, and he did. All my bras and panties were

claimed. Great. I had a single pair of underwear. I was going to kill Greyson. After I went shopping and he paid the bill.

Grey

I was an official genius. My being yellow didn't last. In fact, it had gone away within twenty-four hours. But most the males in our school had been dreaming of getting to see Kalshan's lingerie (which she had excellent taste in) and I had given them that chance. And they had taken it. Along with every undergarment she owned. The look on her face was priceless. A mix of absolute shock and anger. She wasn't in school that entire day and it gnawed at me, not knowing where she was. The answer came around four in the afternoon with a knock at my door. I opened it to find her standing there in a black mini pencil skirt, a tucked in deep orange, low cut blouse, and the same pair of black pumps from earlier, all over sheer black stockings. Utterly cool in composure, but deliciously hot.

"You owe me four-hundred-ninety dollars," she snapped, holding out a receipt to me. I took it. The

piece of paper was from a lingerie boutique a couple cities over, known in the area for its beautiful pieces. I looked over the receipt with shock. A person really could spend five-hundred dollars on lingerie. It was almost impressive. I laughed and handed back the receipt so my hands would be free to reach for my wallet.

"I suppose that's only fair, considering it is my fault all that beautiful lingerie is gone. You do have excellent taste you know." I counted out five hundreds. "You can have it, but first I was to get a look at the merchandise. After all, I have to make sure my money is buying only the best of quality." Kal grinned and stepped in, shutting the door behind her.

"Yes. I suppose that's only fair," she drawled, snatching the cash from my hands. "Why don't you see the first purchase right now?" Oh god, yes. First, she pulled her hair from its ponytail, letting it fall loose around her shoulders. Next, the skirt came off, revealing the black, lacy thong and black garters that secured the stockings. She untied the bow at her

throat and slowly lifted the shirt off, giving me a perfect view of the black bustier and perfect, tan cleavage. I swallowed hard at the sight. She gave me that cat's grin again.

"You like what you see, Grey?" she asked in a sing-song voice. I managed a shrug that had to be less than unconvincing. She walked the few steps towards me and pressed her lips to my throat. Then higher and higher until her lips pressed to my own. She lifted a knee to my hip and I gripped her thigh with a groan. Please don't let her throw me off this time. Just allow me a single real kiss. Kalshan's tongue breached my lips to run inside my lips, over my teeth. I reached for the ties on the back of her black, lacy piece, but Kal pulled away with an almost coy smile.

"Is it six weeks yet, Greyson?" she asked sweetly. I shook my head. "No. So, until then," she laughed and looked very deliberately lower. "Down boy." Then, after gathering her cloths, Kal strode out of my house and to her car, still only half dressed. My neighbor, an older grandmotherly lady, gave me venomous look.

"It's not what it looks like," I defended myself. But, oh god it was. I went inside to take a shower. An ice cold shower. It really didn't help. I was going to stick it out six weeks if it fucking killed me.

Chapter 10

The Bet and the Dare; part 10

Okay, so, the story gets kind of serious now. Like, there will still be amusing parts, but it starts to get into the real plot line.

My writing this is practice while I'm editing my finished book that I'm working at getting published, so... I'm trying to do real writing here, not just stuff to laugh at. Anyway, I hope everyone still likes it! Thanks for reading!

Kal

I decided Friday morning, the fourth morning of my little bet with Grey I decided it was time to maim his car. Not to the point where he couldn't fix it, obviously. It was going to be mine soon. But enough that he would be pissed. So I woke up early and grabbed a couple bottles of spray paint and headed out. It was six when I reached his house. Greyson would be in the pool and wouldn't leave his house until seven, giving me more than enough time. I pulled out the can of bright orange paint and started shaking it up.

"That stuff won't stick very well, you know," the deep breath came from the door. I looked up to see a handsome, slightly older man with blond hair, streaked with gray and bright blue eyes. He looked like an older version of Grey.

"Mr. Beaumont." I hastily moved the can to behind my back. He smiled and put down his briefcase.

"You now me, my girl. But who are you?"

"Kalshan Dunham. Greyson and I are, erm, dating." I flashed a quick grin.

"And yet you wish to vandalize his car." I didn't say anything. Greyson's father laughed and opened the garage door. He came back out a moment later with a can of black spray paint.

"This won't come off as easily."

"Mr. Beaumont-" he held up a hand.

"Max. I insist."

"Um, Max. I really wasn't..." I shut myself up. Obviously I was going to do it. I had the can in my hand. "I want it to come off. Eventually." He raised an eyebrow.

"Oh?"

"Well, um, Grey and I made this bet and if I win I get the car." Max laughed.

"And what's the bet?"

"That he won't be able to handle me for six weeks." I really hoped I never met Mr. Max Beaumont ever again in my life.

"And what does my son get if he wins?" I just blushed, not knowing exactly how to answer that. Max laughed again. "I see." I blushed even more.

"I- uh- I..."

"Don't think I don't know about my son's activities, dear. I'm very well aware. I'm also aware that he can handle a lot more than you think. And there's a good chance he's going to win. You'll probably enjoy it, too." I opened and closed my mouth.

"What did you say to so horrify my girlfriend, Maximus?" Grey asked, walking up to us. I handed the spray paint back to Maximus Beaumont. We both ignored Greyson's question.

"Thanks. But I need red." He nodded.

"Of course. Have a good trip, Greyson." Mr. Beaumont got into his Porsche and drove off, leaving Greyson and I to just look at each other.

"You're leaving somewhere, then?" I asked. Grey nodded.

"Yeah. Um, I have to go to Scottsdale for a few days." He held up the leather duffel. I nodded.

"Have a good time then. If that's the right phrase for your reasons." Grey nodded with a wry smile.

"Have a good time works as well as anything. I'll see you in a few days." I nodded and watched his car drive off. Then, with a baffled shrug, got into my car and headed for Capitol Grounds. I would actually have time to enjoy my coffee that day.

Grey

"Boarding first class for flight 2043, service to Los Angeles," the cool female came from gate 7 where I sat sipping a latté. I stood and hoisted my bag over my shoulder to board the plain. It was a long ride. Four and a half hours. Most of it I just stared blankly out of my window, a frown pulling my brows together.

Finally the plane landed. I got off and walked through LAX to the curb where I hailed a taxi and got in, ordering the man,

"Promises facility." He gave a curt nod and started driving. I watched the city fly by me. Tall buildings with people streaming out to go home after work. Expensive, European cars flashed by as the taxi kept driving. Driving through LA to west LA past beautiful homes, shopping centers. I saw it, but I didn't take it in. I think I was still in shock, unsure of what exactly to do. Then we were in front of the big house. I thanked the driver and got out, flipping him a few bills, then walked into the office.

"Welcome to Promises Rehabilitation Center," the secretary said warmly. "Are you here to visit?"

"Yes," I answered. "My twin, Anabelle Beaumont."

Chapter 11

The Bet and the Dare; part 11

Okay, this is seriously my last installment for a few days. My mom threatened to cut off my shopping money unless I finished my English homework... so I hope you all like it! thanks for any comments!

Kal

I dropped in at Capitol Grounds as I did every day and smiled at Caroline. She grabbed a cup and filled it with black coffee. I handed her a five and she gave me back two ones.

"So..." she started. I raised an eyebrow and took a sip of the coffee.

"So?" Caroline grinned.

"You've been distracted. What's his name?" I answered without thinking,

"Greyson Beaumont." I closed my mouth. "He's not distracting me for the reasons you think!" I protested at her sly look.

"Oh, really?"

"Yes," I snapped, "Really. We have a bet going and it's taking up a lot of my time and energy." Caroline gave me that look again.

"And what's the bet?" she prompted. I rolled my eyes and grabbed my coffee, then turned and walked out of the coffee shop. "Come on, Kal!" she yelled as I walked out. "Don't freeze up on me now!" I laughed and held up my cup in a salute to her.

"Later, Caroline!" Off to school then. I felt almost disappointed that Greyson wouldn't be there. I had a feeling it was going to be a boring few days.

Greyson

I knocked on the white door and pushed it open. The room had two full sized beds with light green and white stripes, light wood floors, and windows that took up the majority of the wall, looking out on a green yard. Laying on the bed closest to the door was a lovely girl with golden blonde hair, strong, straight features, a wide full mouth, and wide, sea green eyes. I felt my eyes start to tear up. I forced them back and whispered,

"Anabelle." She looked up and that wide mouth curved into a smile. God, she looked like shit. Those eyes, exactly like mine, looked too big on her now gaunt face and had dark circles under them. The full lips were almost white and her high forehead was covered in a light sheen of sweat. I handed her the bottle of water I'd gotten from the fridge.

"Drink this, honey. Being dehydrated makes it worse." She took the water and took a quick drink, then jumped up and threw her arms around my neck. I held her small, wasted frame tight against me. My Anabelle.

"I'm so glad you came Grey!" she cried. I held her a bit away from me and gave a small smile back into her beaming face.

"Of course I came, Ana! I would never let you go through this alone!" Her face fell and she looked down.

"Everyone else did," she whispered. I pulled her chin up to look at me. Her wide eyes were swimming and a tear fell from her right eye. Then one from her left. And another and another until my twin's beautiful face was wet with tears. I tucked her under my arm and sat her down.

"I'm not everyone else, Ana. I'm me and I will never leave you alone. Especially now. I remember what it's like." We sat there in silence for a few moments.

"Where did you get the heroin, Anabelle?" I asked quietly. "Who gave you your first fix?" She shrugged. I shook her lightly.

"Ana!" She looked up at me with her huge, wet eyes.

"Please don't ask, Grey," she begged. I felt all the blood rush from my face.

"You got it form my old stash, didn't you Anabelle?" I asked through numb lips. Ana didn't say anything. I couldn't believe myself. I'd kept because I felt like if I didn't get rid of it, it wasn't a choice to no take it, it was forced. Albeit, by myself. Still, I felt stronger when I knew it was there and everyday after rehab I managed to avoid taking it. I hadn't though my sister would ever take it.

"I- I needed a release. And, when it was still in my system- it felt so good. So much better." She started shaking. I just held her for a while, until she fell asleep, crying. I laid her across the bed and draped the throw over her. She looked so delicate, fragile. I looked at her book. Sense and Sensibility by Jane Austin. After putting it on the bedside table, I kissed my sister's forehead, wrote her a note telling her I loved her and I would pick her up at the end of three months, then walked downstairs.

"Has Anabelle's time been paid for?" I asked. The woman typed something in and scrawled down.

"Her first month has been paid for." I took out my checkbook and started filling it out.

"How much will two more months be?" I asked.

"Sixty-six thousand." I wrote in the number and handed it to her.

"I want her here for a full three months." The woman nodded and took the check. I started for the door. It was time to go see Charlie.

"Oh, who checked Anabelle in?" I asked last minute.

"Mr. Berkely." I gave a curt nod and left. That bastard.

Chapter 12

The bet and the Dare; part 12

Yes! I finished that fucking book without putting the barrel in my mouth and pulling the trigger. I'm so proud! haha. Shopping tomorrow! ;) any-hoo, hope you all like this installment! xoxo~Ash

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Kal

I'd been right in thinking it was going to be boring without Greyson at school. There were no pranks, no loud arguments, no one trying to seduce me for revenge. And to think, I had enjoyed such days a week before. I got into my silver 2006 Toyota Solara convertible to drive home. Where I would have a

boring night. I couldn't plan another attack on Greyson when he wasn't here. I had to plan them according to his moods. And I didn't know what that would be when he got back to Vermont.

I pulled into my driveway and made my way upstairs to my room where I was planning on changing into a tee-shirt, cotton shorts, and taking a nice long nap. But when I opened my drawer it was empty. As was my closet. Then I realized my PC was gone! As were my photographs and my jewelry box and all my makeup.

"April!" I screamed. She came into my room with a wide smile.

"Yes, dear?"

"Where's all my shit?" I snapped, gesturing around the room. Her smile only broadened and she hugged me. I backed off, confused. Since when did she hug? I didn't want her to hug me. I was almost scared.

"I got a new house!" she squealed. I raised my eyebrows but didn't say anything for a moment. She

had to be kidding. Her face fell at my lack of excitement. Dear god, she wasn't kidding.

"Why?" I asked in an unbelieving voice.

"Aren't you excited?" April asked in a slightly hurt tone. I shook my head.

"No. April, I'm the one who takes care of our finances. We can't afford a new house." She grinned again and handed me a sheet of paper. The new house was completely paid off! With what fucking money?!

"I saved some money up," April answered my unvoiced question. A half million? I wanted to ask. In Montpelier, Vermont? There was only one neighborhood that was selling houses for that much at this point. She handed me a piece of paper.

"This is the address. Check it out. I've already had your room decorated. I hope you like it." April gave me a sheepish smile and I had to smile back.

"Okay, I'll go." She squealed and threw her arms around my neck. I patted her back. Since when did my mother act like this? It must have been new

house excitement. I grabbed the last thing in my room, my laptop, off the bed and headed downstairs to check out the new house. I drove there, wondering at exactly how my mother got the money. She was a nurse, for christ's sake! She didn't exactly have a low salary, but she wasn't making big bucks either. A half million dollars was a lot for us. I would know, as before mentioned, I was the one who dealt with all the finances.

The house was two stories, white on the outside with black shutters on the windows. The yard was beautiful, lush and green with flowers and a large, shady tree. It even had a swing. I took out the key April had given me and opened the door. Inside was light and open, very modern and tasteful. April must have hired a decorator. With a sigh I peeked into the kitchen, all modern appliances, slate tile, granite counters. The dining room had a dark mahogany dining table with matching chairs and a huge, crystal chandelier hung from the ceiling. This house cost way more than a half million. Where the hell did she get the money? I walked up the stairs where the signs

started, directing me to my room. All my negative thoughts left when I walked in.

The walls were mostly a dark cranberry color, with a couple walls painted gold as accents. My floor was light wood with a huge gold and light brown rug in the middle of the room in front of the black sleigh bed piled high with gold covers and black pillows. Behind the bed was a huge painting that covered the majority of the wall. To the left of the bed was a black waist high dresser with a mirror over it. On the other side of the window from that dresser was a taller one, also black. The bed had two black bedside tables, one taller than the other, on each side, both with cool lamps. I went to my window. It looked out on the backyard which didn't have a lawn, but more slate and a new pool.

I could also see into my neighbor's backyard. The pool, the lawn, the gorgeous house... no... it wasn't....

Grey

After visiting Ana and assuring myself she was alright I made my way to a local park where Charlie did business. I doubted that had changed in the last

six months. Dealers who were careful like he was could stay in place. Though few did, Charlie liked the feeling of there being something constant in his life. Or so he had told me. I loosened the band over my gun in its shoulder holster. I'd thrown a jacket over my shirt to hide the gun, luckily it wasn't so hot it looked suspicious. I spotted Charlie almost instantly with his bright red hair and freckles. I walked up to him.

"Charlie," I smiled pleasantly while subtly holding the gun up to his stomach. "How've you been?"

"Grey," he answered in his Australian accented voice. "Listen mate, whatever it is you think I've done, I swear it wasn't me. So, can we put the gun away and talk this out like civilized people?" he didn't appear to be lying, so I put the gun away. For the moment.

"You been dealing to Anabelle?" I asked. His blue eyes widened.

"Anabelle?! Fuck no, man! I like living, thank you very much." I nodded. He was definitely sincere.

"Know who has?" I asked, still glaring at him. He may not have been the one dealing to her, but I was pissed and I was going to take it out on whoever was nearest. Charlie just happened to be near. Charlie shook his head.

"Since you made your announcement last time you left, no one will deal to Anabelle. It's well known around here, deal to Anabelle and look down the barrel of Greyson Beaumont's pretty Browning Hi-Power." He gulped and looked at my gaping jacket. "You want to strap that in, man?" he asked in a slightly shaking voice. I just crossed my arms over my chest.

"Someone's dealing to her. She's staying at Promises in West LA," I told him. Charlie nodded.

"I'll keep an ear out for whoever's her dealer. But I'm not into smack anymore. The cops were coming down hard on it. Now I'm just onto pot. Less cash, but less risk." I nodded.

"Thanks, Charlie." He put a hand on my shoulder.

"Mate, you aren't?" I shook my head.

"Nah, I've been clean for a long time." He nodded and looked pleased. Charlie may have been a drug dealer, but he was a good guy. And he himself had never done drugs. Ever. Not even a taste. He was just in it for the money so he could continue paying for his Porsche.

"Here's my number." I handed Charlie my card. "You hear anything..."

"I'll be in touch." I turned and left, feeling extremely defeated. I wasn't any closer to knowing who was selling to my sister than I had been before. She hadn't been on heroin until I left. I knew there was always the possibility, so I'd warned all the drug dealers in the area to stay away from her or I would kill them. It was a serious threat and they knew it. One idiot had obviously sold to her. I was going to find the bastard and shoot him. I swore it. Meanwhile, it was time to go back to Montpelier and have a nice, long chat with Mr. Berkeley.

Chapter 13

The Bet and the Dare; part 13

I know I usually start with Kalshan, but as far as going in chronological order goes, starting with Greyson made so much more sense. :) Appreciez!

Grey

My flight landed back in Vermont around nine at night. I got off with my bag hoisted over my shoulder and headed through the airport passing people with swift strides. After grabbing a coffee, I pressed past a few people on the stairs who protested at being so bodily shoved aside. Generally I was more polite than that in the airport, but I couldn't find it within myself

at that moment to care. I wanted to get home and fast so I could change and go to Mr. Berkeley's office where we would have a nice long chat over some of that expensive brandy he kept in his office.

I sped my car down the freeway, weaving in and out of other cars and frequently tailgating people. It got me a lot of honks. It just seemed to be my day to piss people off. Well, I was pissed off as well, so they could all just suck it! Driving a stick at 100 mph with a coffee in hand definitely wasn't the safest decision I'd made, but I was feeling reckless as I usually did when I was angry. And I was very, very angry. I sped up and made it home in twenty minutes. Maximus's 458 Italia (not even on the market yet) was in our driveway, which meant Mr. Berkeley was probably inside with him. My evening just got easier.

"Where the hell do you come off getting into my business?" I roared as I stormed into my father's office. Maximus and Mr. Berkeley both turned and glared at me.

"What did I do now?" Maximus asked in his mild, barely accented voice. The accent had never left after leaving Australia.

"Not you, you bastard. Him." I nodded my head towards Berkeley who calmly raised an eyebrow.

"Whatever could I have done, Greyson? I am merely the lawyer." I rushed forward and shoved him hard in the chest. Maximus stepped forward a few paces as though to get in front of us.

"You deceived us!" I snapped. Maximus did finally step in front of me.

"That is a serious accusation, Greyson," my father told me in a still mild tone. "Berkeley is a most trusted employee." My hands were shaking with rage.

"Did this most trusted employee tell you he put Anabelle in Promises Rehabilitation?" I asked. Maximus turned to Mr. Berkeley.

"Really, John?" Mr. Berkeley didn't say anything, just looked down at the floor. Maximus stepped forward and forced his head up.

"John, is this true?"

"Yes, sir, it is." Maximus leaned against his desk and crossed his arms over my chest. I mirrored the movement against the arm chair.

"Perhaps not so trusted. You're fired, John."

"Sir, I-" Maximus cut him off.

"What part of fired don't you understand? Do I have to hand you a bloody pink slip?" Mr. Berkeley shook his head and started gathering up papers.

"What do you think you're doing?" Maximus's voice had gone from merely sharp to quiet and threatening in the span of a few seconds. "Leave the papers." Just as Mr. Berkeley was about to leave, Maximus added, "And John, if you think of telling, you know what will happen." I saw him swallow hard, but nod and leave. Maximus and I sat there for a moment, looking at each other, still mirroring poses.

"You'll be joining me for a late dinner tonight, Greyson?" I nodded. Maximus smiled and also left the home office. "If you think of telling you know what will happen."? I wondered at the phrase. My

father was a surgeon for god's sake. What secrets could he have in his closet?

Kal

The day after Greyson left, he came back. Fast trip. His car was parked in the driveway outside his house before school. I had mixed feelings about living so near Greyson. On one hand, I, well, was close to Greyson, and that kind of sucked. On the other hand, however, it made pulling pranks on him that much easier. And I only had so much time. I had to break him before I broke. And I was very near cracking after only a week. The day of reprieve had been restful, but not enough. I still wanted to pull my own hair out at the though of him.

I paced the length of my new room that morning, deliberating. I could get started right away on getting at him, but then he would know I was here and that wouldn't necessarily be the best situation. I did have to go to school, after all, and he could easily take another day off to sabotage my house. But the idea I had in mind was so tempting. Immature, yes, but still very enticing. It would be so amusing... I managed to

win myself over. I snuck into Kari's room, grabbed the air horn, and crept downstairs. It was only five-thirty, so no one was up.

I opened the back door and made my way outside and to the iron fence with ivy growing up it. Climbing the fence was easy, it was only six feet high. The problem would be getting into Greyson's room. His huge, black mastiff came over to sniff me. He didn't bark, but licked my hand. I smiled in relief and pet his head. I walked over to Greyson's window. Right under it was a terrace. I climbed up, made my way carefully across, and slid the window open.

He was sleeping peacefully in his bed. His jeans and button down shirt were folded neatly over his desk chair and Greyson himself was only in a pair of black and blue striped boxers. And looking utterly delectable in them. I allowed myself a moment to appreciate his body. Like good art, the appreciating couldn't be rushed. The blankets were twisted around him as though he hadn't been sleeping so peacefully through the whole night. Well, I thought, hope you got enough good sleep Greyson, 'cause

you're in for a rude awakening. I pressed the top of the air horn and Greyson shot awake.

"God, Kal, really?" he yelled. I pressed the top one last time and ran down the stairs. I could hear Greyson in pursuit. "I am so getting you for this you bitch!" he bellowed from somewhere behind me. I was running towards the back door so I could make my escape. I nearly ran into a man I presumed to be the butler on my way down the hall, but narrowly managed to avoid him. I heard the sound of a collision and assumed Greyson hadn't. I made it safely out the back door and clambered up the fence just as Greyson got outside.

"You are so going down!" Grey yelled.

"Had enough yet?" I called out. He didn't answer, just stood there, fuming. I laughed and hopped down into my own backyard. We were only just beginning. Greyson was going to get the ride of his life. (And not in the way you're thinking.)

Chapter 14

The Bet and the Dare; part 14

Okay, back to the usual Kal-Grey sequence. :) I hope you all like this chapter. It made me smile. :) school tomorrow, so hopefully I'll be able to keep up my chapter a day but no promises.

Kal

AP English was obviously a good idea for getting into college, but the homework was hellish. I had an essay due on Monday. And we'd just gotten it the day before (Friday). We had to do a sociological analysis on Great Expectations by Dickens. I hated Dickens. It wasn't as though the essay were hard, it was juts

boring. Like the book. Imagine that. I took off my glasses and pinched the bridge of my nose between my thumb and forefinger. Glasses back on, back to typing. My PC still wasn't set up, but the beautiful thing about laptops, they don't need set up.

Suddenly, my laptop was being lifted off my lap and a heavy weight replaced it. I looked up to see Greyson grinning at me, straddling my hips. He held up the laptop and read the two paragraphs I had.

"Interesting stuff, Dickens," he laughed and set the computer aside. I tried to wriggle out from under him, but he grabbed my hips and stayed where he was.

"Get off me, Greyson," I growled through clenched teeth.

"But I like it here," he pouted. I rolled my eyes. He certainly did, I could feel it through his jeans. I wriggled again, but that only made my situation worse. "Something weird about me," he said quietly, "I get really horny when I'm tired. And, well, I was kind of woken up early this morning." Shit. Not that having Greyson straddling me didn't totally make me

horny too, we were sort of the same boat there, I just wasn't going to give it up that easy. I didn't care if I had to wait six weeks, I may have liked sex, but I wasn't a whore.

"Get. Off." He grinned and just leaned over me. I leaned back into the pillows. He kept leaning until I was laying back. I reached up to push him off, but Greyson caught my hands and held them above my head.

"I didn't know you were into bondage, Kalshan," he laughed. "You should have told me, I'm open to anything."

"Are you open to getting off me?" He laughed again.

"Oops. Anything but that." Grey leaned over and pressed a bunch of small, fleeting kisses against my lips, his hands still holding mine above my head. Then the kisses became less fleeting, longer, deeper. His tongue broke through my lips. I bit down on it and felt him smile against my lips. He moved his lips to just under my ear. I bit down on my lip. I wasn't going to like it, I wasn't going to like it, I wasn't going to like it.

"If you would just be nice, Buttercup, you would like it," he whispered against the skin of my neck. How had he known what I was thinking? Greyson slid down my body so, instead of straddling me with his legs, he was laying flush on top of me. I shivered slightly. My skimpy cloths felt like too much. NO! I yelled at myself. But Greyson had felt it. He moved his lips from my throat and back to mine. My hands had been let go, but they were tugging off his shirt. Mine was about to come off as well when my door opened. We stopped, Greyson's hands still riding at my hips, mine still at the nape of his neck and his hip. We turned to see our parents standing in my doorway.

"Um," I started. I had nothing. Wow, this was really awkward. Greyson sat up, once again he had a thigh on either side of my waist. I was sure he would have stood except that would have made the situation even worse. His jeans were kind of tight...

"Kalshan, it's lovely to see you again," Max said in a polite, completely unflustered voice.

"You too, Mr. Beaumont."

"We've been through this, Kalshan. Max." I couldn't believe we were having this conversation with his son on top of me. All the blood rushed back to my face and I knew I had to be bright red. Greyson gave a half snort/laugh. I glared at him and he shrugged.

"Max," I corrected myself. He smiled.

"April, this is my son, Greyson. I'm sure he would shake your hand but he appears to be, um, occupied."

"Yes, we'll leave you alone now," April said in a sort of thick voice. As they were walking out, Max's hand slipped to my mom's ass and I heard her giggle. Greyson and I looked at each other at the same time.

"What the fuck?"

Grey

Kal and I sat looking at each other with pepperoni pizza and Heinekens. She took a bite, I took a drink of my beer. And we just kind of sat there like that for a while. Kalshan had gotten dressed in a pair of jeans and a loose peasant top, but the top kept gaping at the top so I could see that oh-so-hot bra. I took another drink of my beer wishing it was something

stronger. A lot stronger, like tequila. Cold tequila. Possibly a shower of it. Kalshan noticed where my gaze kept going and leaned back. Unfortunately, I had a good memory.

"I never thought a whole week without sex would be so difficult," I hissed. Kalshan just laughed.

"I don't put out that easy, deal Greyson. Or, go get one of your usual sluts," she suggested. Okay, that hurt. The truth often does.

"If I do, I lose my bet with Caleb," I whined. She laughed again and, just to torture me, ran her bare foot up my leg under my jeans. I snatched my leg back and she pressed her lips together, obviously repressing a laugh.

"So, our parents..." I started, desperate to get off the topic of sex. Kalshan made a gagging gesture.

"Disgusting. Since when have they been together? I mean, my mom has a new guy almost every night. She doesn't date."

"Yeah, same with my dad." Kal raised an eyebrow. "God, a new woman every night, Buttercup. He's

very, very straight." Kal laughed a little and reached for another piece of pizza. I grabbed her wrist.

"What?"

"You've already eaten your half. And I need to eat too." She grinned.

"You can always eat me." I raised my eyebrows.

"Oh?"

"In six weeks. IF you last." Damn. I'd almost been hopeful. She finished off her beer then grabbed mine to finish. Something was wrong. She didn't drink much that I'd seen in the last month. And I'd seen her in a lot of drinking scenes. I was about to ask if something was up, but my phone vibrated. I checked the caller ID. It was promises.

"Hello?" I asked in a slightly worried voice. Kalshan caught on and eyed me closely.

"Greyson?" Anabelle sobbed.

"Belle, honey, what's wrong?" I asked gently. Kalshan's eyebrows raised at the "honey."

"You left," she sniffed.

"I know, I'm sorry. But I'm in Vermont with Maximus. You know that. I have school and everything. I'll visit next weekend, I promise. But I need to book a hotel and everything." I heard her sniff again. Kalshan was still watching me. I squirmed a little under her scrutiny.

"You have me here three months," Anabelle stated.

"Yeah. A month just- it isn't enough, Belle. I know. I've been there."

"Okay. Call me tomorrow," she demanded. I smiled a little at the old, bossy tone.

"Course."

"Love you Grey." My smile widened a bit more.

"I love you too, honey." I hung up the phone to see Kalshan smirking.

"This is going to be an interesting story. I think we're going to need a couple more beers." She waved the waitress over and I groaned quietly to myself. I guess it was my turn to spill.

Chapter 15

The Bet and the Dare; part 15

I lived through my first day of sophomore year, so i decided to give myself a few moments to write. I must be in a crying mood or something, because i was crying while writing this. Kind of ridiculous, but hey, we're all allowed a few moments every once in a while for a few tears, right?

Kal

The waitress brought us two more beers and Greyson just sort of looked into his for a while, played around with the bottle a bit, just for something to do with his hands. I watched as those hands twisted the green

bottle this way and that. I stayed silent, waiting for him to start in his own time. I glanced at my phone for the time. Or, waited five minutes for him to start and if he didn't by then, I was going to make him because the pizzeria closed in thirty-five minutes. Three minutes later he started talking.

"When I was three we moved here from Australia. My dad, my mom, me, and my twin, Anabelle," he told me. That explained his dad's slight accent, but I had to wonder, how does one hide a twin for an entire month and a half? "Eight years ago, when we were ten, our parents divorced. We all lived in LA at the time. Mom got Anabelle, Maximus got me. We would trade off visits, Anabelle and I, and we were still going to the same school and all.

"In high school, my freshman year, I became good friends with a couple shadier figures at school. I was kind of a scrawny freshman so they were guys who could protect me and all. One day they were all smoking a joint and they asked me if I wanted a hit. I said yes, wanting to fit in. Then a couple weeks later I was a total pot-head with the rest of my crew. A

couple months later I was getting into serious drugs. Acid, speed. My favorite, though, was heroin. Not too major, but it was worse than pot. I stopped playing sports and started working so I could pay for my drugs without telling my dad." He stopped for a moment and clenched his fists on the table.

"That went on for a year and a half maybe. Then some Aussie guy, Charlie, came over and started dealing heroin in the local park. He never did it himself. The guy won't touch drugs except to sell. He became my usual dealer and we got to talking. Four months after I met him, Charlie put me in rehab." I gave him a quizzical look.

"A drug dealer?" Grey let out a small laugh, but I could see tears swelling up in his eyes. I waved my credit card to the waitress to pay for our pizza, my beer, and the six beers Greyson had managed to inhale through his monologue thus far. He grabbed my card out of my hand and slipped his black one into it instead. The waitress took it and walked off. We just sat there looking at each other while the waitress put our bill on the card. She came back a

moment later and handed Greyson his card. We got up and I started rummaging around in Greyson's pockets. He pulled away quickly.

"What the hell?" he snapped.

"I don't think you should drive," I told him. "So hand over the keys." He did with some reluctance and we got into his shiny new BMW. When we were driving I prompted him,

"Go on." I had a feeling this was something he had to tell someone, and I was interested.

"Well, I was in rehab for three months. It was like being thrown in hell. No drugs. No alcohol." Shit, he was an alcoholic and I'd given him alcohol! He must have seen the worry on my face because he let out a short laugh. "No, I'm not an alcoholic. It was just, it kind of numbed the pain of not having a fix. But it was basically a month strait of shakes, limbs aching, vomiting. Then a month of feeling so weak I could barely drag myself out of bed. And finally a month of healing. Rehab is the best thing that's ever happened to me. Then I got out. That wasn't too long ago, just a

couple months before I got here." I was shocked. I supposed it made sense.

"And the call?" I asked.

"Promises Rehabilitation. Anabelle is in for heroin.," his voice was dull and almost clinical. For the first time since I'd met him, I felt a pang of sympathy for Greyson Beaumont. I'd taken him for a spoiled rich boy (and he was) but he was also someone who had struggled. And was struggling.

"Do you ever still want, you know..." he laughed a short, non-amused laugh.

"A fix? Every second of every day."

"Is Anabelle going to be okay?" Greyson nodded.

"Yeah, she's in rehab for a couple more months, then I'm bringing her here." We were at my house. I looked over at Grey. His coloring was horrible. No blood in his cheeks, pale, chalky lips. He needed a drink. Something strong, probably. His sea-green eyes, barely illuminated by my porch light, were still over bright as though he were holding back tears.

"Wanna come in for a drink?" I asked him. "You look like you could use some coffee laced with brandy." Greyson nodded and we went into the house together.

Greyson

Kalshan had made us coffee and laced mine. I didn't know if hers was, but I knew the extra shot was helping. We were curled up on a love seat outside together, our knees touching. I felt slightly awkward and embarrassed, but somehow better. I'd never talking about it before and talking had helped. So had Kalshan not judging. Her opinion of me didn't change because she found out I'd done drugs. Not that her opinion had been very high of me before, but it was good that it hadn't gone down. She leaned over and rested her chin on her knees. I copied the gesture so our foreheads were touching.

We'd been closer before. Just that morning, in fact, but somehow this felt so much more intimate. Her lips parted and started trembling slightly, leading me to believe she felt it too. I put my cup on the ground without really moving and moved Kal's as well. We

just sat there for a few minutes, looking at each other. Of all the girlfriends I'd had, I'd never done that. Just looked at someone. Kalshan picked up her hand and rested it lightly on my cheek. Then, looking at her, all the pain I'd been feeling for so long bubbled over and the tears started falling.

I hadn't cried since I was a toddler. I'd always been told it was unmanly to cry. But I couldn't hold back tears. I was hurt and I was scared and I was scarred. It felt so good to cry. Kalshan held my face in her hands and made quiet shushing sounds as though I were a young child to be calmed. Perhaps in that moment I was. After a few minutes of silently crying the water-works slowed and finally stopped. She dried my cheeks gently with her hands.

"Are you going to be okay?" she asked quietly. I nodded my forehead against hers. I wasn't feeling up to words yet. We still didn't move. My gaze lowered to her lips. Her perfect, full lips. Then back up to her eyes which were also moving up- from my lips. We both smiled a bit. A few more fleeting glances. Then I couldn't take it. I leaned forward a bit and kissed her.

Not with seduction in mind as I usually did, but comfort. It was comforting to be kissed by her on the back porch with our coffee sitting at our feet and the moonlight in our hair.

Chapter 16

The Bet and the Dare; part 16

I made it through my first week of school! Yay! Sorry if this installment totally sucks. I'm beyond tired, but I just wanted to get the next chapter out. Comment if you like. :)

Kal

I woke Sunday to the sun shining dimly through the clouds onto my face and the warmth of being wrapped in someone's limbs, my head cradled in the space between their neck and shoulder. I inhaled deeply and smiled slightly. Definitely male. He

smelled like some sort of expensive, sweet cologne and something else that was just him.

"Greyson," I murmured sleepily. I opened my eyes and looked up only to realize it was indeed Greyson who was wrapped around me on the loveseat outside. His beautiful eyes were still red-rimmed from crying the night before and his golden hair was sexily tousled from sleep. He smiled down at me.

"Morning," he whispered in an intimate voice. I had to laugh a little at the bizarre situation. Woken up outside by the sun curled up on top of Greyson. His arm hadn't left my bare waist. Greyson's torso was still bare so we were pressed skin to skin (aside from my bra) and I felt my skin heat slightly at the realization and the memory of the night before. After he was done crying Greyson had kissed me. Not in his usual slightly rough and very seductive manner, but slow and sweet. I hadn't been kissed like that in years and had forgotten how it could be more seductive then deliberate seduction. One thing had led to another and, well, there I was, half dressed.

"Hello," I smiled back. He ran his hand slowly down my bare back, making me shiver slightly. Grey laughed lightly and bent to kiss the back of my neck. Just his breath fanning the skin, the anticipation, made my muscles clench. When his lips actually touched my skin it sent fiery chills down my spine. I tried to wriggle away from him, but he just tightened my grip and suddenly I found out positions reversed, with Greyson on top of me.

"Are we going to play this game again, Greyson?" I asked in a voice I tried to make heavy with venomous sarcasm but came out more breathy and, when he ran his hand down from my collar bone, barely brushing the side of my breast, and down to my hip, slightly shaky. His lips were at my neck so the only answer I got was,

"Mmm." Whatever that meant. I'd been fully intending on pushing Greyson off me and going inside to make some coffee and take a shower but before I could he was pulling my arms up (again, Greyson must have had a thing for playing dominant) and started kissing his way down from my

neck to my collar bone, and down to the over-curve of my breast. He kept moving down and to the side until he hit that sensitive spot just to side of my breast that just killed me when he kissed it. Greyson's tongue flicked out and his teeth barely nipped, making me groan.

"D- dammit, Gr-Gr-Greyson," I stuttered. Once again I just got his,

"Mmm," because he was still at it. Through the hazy buzz of pleasure Greyson was starting once again to bring on I managed to get some rational thinking in and was going to shove him off me but, before I could take action, his lips were once again pressed against mine in another kiss. A really long, deep kiss that was all tongues and teeth. I soon became a very active participant in the kiss and managed to sit up a bit more so I could better reach his lips and run my hands down his muscular back. Just as I was really getting into it, Greyson pulled away and grinned down at me.

"I think I'll take a shower," he announced. I groaned quietly in the back of my throat. Talk about being left

high and dry. Seeing my expression, he ran his hands up and down my sides slowly, barely grazing my skin with his finger tips.

"You want to join me?" he offered in a husky voice. Um, yes please.

"No. I think I'm gonna eat breakfast," I declined, having returned to my senses. Grey gave me an adorable pout, a swift kiss, and got off me to go inside.

"If you change your mind, I'm in your shower." God, just strip me down and take me, I thought. I wondered, was it a week of no sex or just Greyson himself making me so damn horny? Either way, it was his fault and I was getting back at him one way or another. It just couldn't include anything physical because that would suck for me too. Pushing the thought aside for a later hour I jumped into my cold pool, hoping for some sort of relief.

Grey

Kalshan had a beautiful bathroom that looked more like it belonged in a house like mine, one with two

bachelors living in it, than in a teenage girl's house. The floors were dark slate tiles. The tub on the far side was a deep, granite Jacuzzi with bath oils on the edge. Next to it was a huge shower with a smoked glass door, the walls and floor were rough granite. The counter was also dark granite with a huge gilt mirror. I turned on the huge shower and stripped out of my cloths, my muscles pulling painfully from sleeping on the small loveseat with Kalshan.

I stepped under the hot spray and moaned quietly with pleasure. Slowly, my muscles started to unknot. I rolled my shoulder and dropped my head back into the water. Behind my closed eyes images of Kalshan half dressed under me flashed behind my eyes. I groaned and considered making the water cold. In the distance I heard a phone ring and, with the image of Kal in my mind, brought the song Answer the Phone by Sugar Ray to mind. I stepped out of the shower for a moment to grab my ipod from my jean pockets and into Kal's room for her ipod doc. I scanned through my artists for Sugar Ray, clicked on the song, and put the ipod in the doc. Music filled the loud bathroom as I got back in.

"We're on this rollercoaster ride

Hold on, I'll stay here by your side

We head up to the sky then we slide back down

Upside down try to figure out

Not sure if we could work it out

I wanna be alone but you feel like home

Answer the phone, I know that you're home

I wanna get you alone, and do it again, do it again

Answer the phone, I know that you're home

I wanna get you alone, and do it again, do it again," I sang out. I couldn't resist singing along. It had been a long time since I sang in the shower.

"The signals all are flashing red

It doesn't matter what was said

This bed is much too big without me and you

This all seems so ridiculous

Why can't we just get over this

Don't make me say the obvious

Without you

Answer the phone, I know that you're home

I wanna get you alone, and do it again, do it again

Answer the phone, I know that you're home

I wanna get you alone, and do it again, do it aga-" I heard a giggle and stopped singing. I looked out of the shower to see the door closing. I shrugged and got my torso back in. I didn't think I wanted to know what Kal was up to. I usually didn't, but I usually found out eventually.

Chapter 17

The Bet and the Dare; part 17

Sorry it's so short. I'm just really tired and ready for bed. Comment of you like or have any questions. Xoxo~Ash

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Kal

I had to wake up thirty minutes to go through with my plan, but I knew it was going to be so worth it. I left Kari a note in her room telling her I loved her and to have a good day. As I walked down the stairs I checked my bag like four times just to make sure the tape was there. I almost felt bad about doing it to Greyson. I wasn't even positive as to why I was doing

this, other than that is was the routine. Shrugging it off I continued to my garage and got into my car and drove to school. No time for coffee.

"Hey girlie," Mariah grinned as I got out. I grinned back.

"Morning. How was your weekend?" her smile turned wicked.

" Pleasurable," she laughed. I rolled my eyes but smiled back. I wished I could say the same thing, but I had a boyfriend and was in a monogamous relationship.

"Good. Hey, think you can get me into the broadcasting room?" I asked her.

"Oh god. What are you doing to that poor boy this time?" she groaned. I just laughed and gave a small shrug.

"You shall see. If you get me into the broadcasting room." Mariah eyed me warily and finally relented with a shrug. I gave a mental cheer and followed her to the photo hall where the broadcasting room was located. As we walked she told me all about her

weekend with some random guy from another county who I'd never heard of. Mariah wasn't exactly slutty, but she was exactly a nun either. Get her drunk enough and well...

"If anyone asks, I did not let you in," she said when we got to the room. I gave a cheerful nod and sauntered in. The tape player was sitting on a cart at the far end of the room. I took the tape for the day out and replaced it with the one from my camera from the day before. Lucky for Greyson he didn't have a terrible voice.

Greyson

Nine at night and I was still getting text messages and IM's from people at school complimenting me on my singing voice. A few girls said they would more than willingly answer their phones for me. I stared moodily at my homework, trying to focus but completely unable to. Just when I was starting to like Kal, she went and did this. Thank you, rude awakening. I couldn't believe I had totally revealed my story to her. Her, of all people. I hadn't told the

one girl I'd been in love with about my addiction, but I told her?! I shook my head slightly.

Suddenly there was a pounding at my back door, insistent and loud. With a groan I unfolded myself from the couch and walked to the door where Kalshan was currently banging and yelling.

"Grey, Grey oh my god let me in. Please let me in!" she sobbed. I rushed to the door and threw it open. Kal fell into my arms sobbing. I pulled her away and gave her a small shake.

"Kal, what's going on?"

"He's got a gun," she sobbed. "And he's yelling at April, 'the money, I want the money.' I didn't know what else to do." I grabbed Kal's hand in my own and started up the stairs.

"I know you're scared, but can you describe him for me?" It sounded like a drug dealer and, sadly, I knew most of them in the area. I didn't do drugs anymore, but once in the scene, it was hard to completely get out. If it was a dealer, it was probably someone I could deal with rationally.

"Um, tall. Dark hair. Dark features. I really didn't see a lot." I could tell Kal was working hard at composure, but it really wasn't working. We entered my dad's office. I pulled aside the painting to reveal a safe and typed in the code. Inside were a variety of guns. I grabbed my favorite Browning Hi Power, checked to make sure it was totally loaded, and led Kal downstairs.

"Stay," I commanded and sat her at the breakfast bar in my kitchen. Then I went out the back door and vaulted over the fence into her backyard.

Chapter 18

The Bet and the Dare; part 18

Kal

If Grey thought I was going to sit, quiet and docile, in his kitchen while he went and saved my house and April from the ass-hole with the gun, he was seriously senile. The moment he was out of the kitchen I got up and ran after Grey. As I reached the backdoor he was vaulting himself gracefully over the fence into my backyard. I chased after him and got myself over the fence with less grace, but just as much speed. By the time he'd reached my backdoor I'd caught up. Grey glared at me, but what was he going to do in the middle of a crisis? Argue with me? Instead he told me,

"Stay behind me, Kal. I'm the one with the fucking gun." I nodded mutely and stayed at him back as we walked inside. We could hear the yelling from the kitchen.

"I want my fucking money, you whore!" I flinched slightly and hooked my hand in one of Greyson's back pockets. He reached back momentarily with his left hand, the one not holding the gun, to gently stroke my wrist. Then we were in the living room where April was standing in a skimpy robe and the man was yelling at her, waving the gun around wildly. Kari was up in my room with the door locked, hiding in my closet where I told her to go once I heard the yelling. Greyson switched the gun into both hands and pointed it right at the man.

"I suggest you put the gun down, sir, and we discuss this calmly and rationally." The turned and pointed his gun in our direction. The aim was sloppy. He appeared to be either drunk or high. Greyson pushed my behind him so I was shielded by his broad shoulders. His left hand grabbed my wrist again and he led my hand to his waistband where he had

another gun, a nine mm Glock 17. I grabbed it with both hands and hid it behind his back.

"I suggest you put down the gun, kid," the man slurred. Greyson's lips turned up into an amused smile at the word "kid." God, he needed to go back to the fucking loony bin.

"Tell me something, sir," Grey said in a mild voice. "Who do you really think is going to get out the first shot? You, all jacked up on cocaine, or me? Sober and very practiced in gunmanship?" The man seemed to try to work that out, but it didn't seem to be working because he just waved the gun around a bit more and yelled,

"I don't care. This bitch's," he waved the gun at April who muffled a scream, "Pimp owes me for the cocaine I recently gave to him on credit." Pimp? I looked straight at April who was sobbing quietly into her sleeve. Stupid bitch, no wonder she could afford the house. Her pimp probably covered it.

"How much does her pimp owe you?" Greyson asked, ever calm.

"Seven grand."

"If you can wait five minutes I can get that money from my house, just right there." The man shook his head violently.

"No, I want her fucking pimp to look me in the face and give me the fucking money!"

"In other words he owes you more than you're letting on and you have plans to kill him." The man didn't say anything and April, upon realizing Grey's words must be true, screamed. The man turned on her and screamed,

"Shut up, bitch!" pointing the gun.

"Put it down or I WILL shoot," Greyson commanded in a strong voice. The man just jerked his hand again in April's direction. "Now." He didn't put it down, but turned on Grey. Before he could get out a shot, Grey let one loose into his chest, deliberately just short of his heart. Blood poured from the man's chest. I heard a scream and vaguely recognized it as my own before I blacked out.

Grey

Kal passed out behind me, the Glock dropped with a heavy thud on her floor. I picked it up and returned it to the waistband of my jeans. Shit, I hoped Maximus had the Browning registered. I wouldn't be shocked to find he didn't. April was huddled up in a corner, sobbing. I helped her up and into the kitchen all the while shushing her, telling her it was going to be okay. After finding the brandy I poured her a few fingers, shoved the glass in her hand and ordered,

"Go upstairs and get dressed. I'm calling the police. If there's any evidence of you being a prostitute, get rid of it for god's sake. Call your boss and tell him to come pick you up in an hour. The police are going to want to take your statement, so pull. Yourself. Together." She nodded and gave me a teary,

"Okay," then headed up the stairs. Meanwhile, I picked Kalshan up and laid her on the couch. Once that was done I lugged the large man into the bathroom with the phone to my ear, speaking with the woman who answered my call to 9-1-1. Calmly, I explained that a man on cocaine had entered my girlfriend's house with a gun and starting waving it

about, threatening her and her mother. I came over with my gun and tried to talk to the man, but he wouldn't listen to reason and threatened me, so I was forced to shoot. It was basically the truth. I hung up and locked the bathroom door.

"Kal?" a small voice called out. I rushed to the stairs where I saw a small, dark headed girl.

"Where's Kal?" she asked in a teary voice. I held my arms open and she rushed down and into them.

"She's resting on the couch. She's okay, Kariana. Don't worry." Kariana, as I had remembered her name was, nodded and put her thumb in her mouth. I doubted Kalshan would approve but I didn't stop her. Her other hand was at shoulder, her arm wrapped around my neck. Her legs held tightly to my waist and I cradled her protectively to my body.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"I'm Greyson." She nodded seriously and looked into my eyes with her big, blue ones. So like her sister's.

"My Kari!" April came rushing down and tried to take Kariana from my arms. She clung to my neck and whined,

"Nooo. I wanna stay wit Greyson." I stroked her back gently and whispered into her ear,

"It's okay. I won't let you go. Shh. You're okay." From the living room I heard Kalshan cry out,

"Kari! Kariana, honey!" I rushed in there, April right at my heels. When Kalshan got up and ran to Kari and me I felt as though a thousand pounds had lifted off my chest. She was okay. My Kalshan was okay. She wrapped her arms around Kari and me. I stroked her hair gently from her face. Kariana kissed her older sister's face, but stayed holding on to me. Kalshan turned to her mother.

"This is your fault," she hissed. April looked taken aback.

"My fault?" she asked in a shrill voice. "How is this my fault? I'm a victim here!" Kalshan rolled her eyes. I could hear sirens outside.

"Oh please, mother dearest," she spat. "You, a victim? You're a whore! No wonder you could afford the house. Your pimp buy it for us? Hmm?" April didn't say anything. "Answer me!" Kal yelled. Kariana started crying. I rocked her lightly and held her head to my shoulder.

"Yes," April answered quietly. Just as the door slammed open, Kalshan slapped her mother hard across the face, leaving a large, red welt and a small scratch from her long nails. She turned and shoved past the policeman.

"Miss, miss please come back!" he yelled after her. Kalshan just started running. I put Kari on the couch, telling her I'd be right back for her and chased after Kal, the policeman yelling after me as well.

Hope you all liked this one! I love it! It's so dramatic. haha.

Anyway, just wanted to let you all know that if you have any questions, comments, or just want to chat you can reach me at AshKnighte@live.com. I'm on

my email a lot, so if you send me one, I should get back to you pretty fast! X's and O's! ~Ash

Chapter 19

The Bet and the Dare; part 19

Kal

I was sprinting down the street as fast as I could. Voices yelled out behind me, but I ignored them. My lungs were heaving and my shins and calves were burning, the physical pain of sprinting so fast, so long, got ignored as well. I just kept going down the street as fast as my legs would carry my until I reached the park. There I stopped under a grove of trees and leaned over, panting. After I had caught my breath I stood straight. Wet, hot streaks were running down my cheeks and I realized I was crying. I pulled my phone from my pocket and blindly dialed.

"Hello?" the deep voice answered. Then I started really crying.

"Daddy?" I sobbed.

"Kalshan! God, what's wrong?"

"I wanna come home, daddy. The man with the gun. April, pimping out. Police-" All I could get out were those few broken sentences. I sat down, unable to hold my own weight anymore.

"Shh. You're okay-" as he was speaking I heard close by-

"Kalshan! Kal, where are you?" Greyson was so aggravated he no longer sounded American, his accent, usually barely even there, was suddenly thick and heavy. And he sounded worried verging on angry.

"Daddy, I have to go."

"Call me later honey. I love you." I hung up just as Grey entered my space. I looked blankly at the phone for a moment, trying to will myself through, to LA and to my daddy. I felt a presence at my side and

looked over to Greyson. He ran a soothing hand up and down my arm.

"Kal, you have to go back. The police have to talk to you." I backed away as fast as I could, sitting on my butt on the ground.

"No. No! I won't go back. I'll never go back!" I screamed.

"Where else can you go?" Grey yelled back. I just shook my head. My phone screen turned off and the darkness of the night enveloped me. I buried my face in my knees and rocked slowly back and forth. It was just like before daddy left, but five times worse. Then it had just been subtle threats. Random men coming to the house when he wasn't home. Now it was explained. All of it. And suddenly I was eleven years old again, my daddy leaving, my mom too drunk to care, and I was left to care for the newborn crying in the next room.

"What's wrong?" Grey asked in a quiet voice. I found myself cradled against his chest, his legs wrapped around my waist. He held me as I cried as I'd held him the night before.

"What do you think?"

"Something more than this. Come on, Kal. You're strong. Just this wouldn't break you." I just shook my head and sat there letting Grey hold me and willing the memories away.

Grey

Kalshan didn't let go of my hand as we walked back to her house. I wasn't sure how long she'd sat there crying, but it was definitely a while. A few times we heard voices calling out our names in the distance, but Kal wasn't ready to speak with them and I certainly wasn't going to make her. That just would have been cruel. When we came into view of her house, Kal's grip tightened to be almost painful, I didn't say anything. Just squeezed her hand back. The positions were switched. Now Kal's past, whatever it was, was coming back haunt her. My turn to play the strong shoulder to lean on.

"Where the hell have you two been?" one of the remaining officers snapped at us.

"Hey, fuck off," I snapped back. "She's had a huge shock." The cop rolled his eyes.

"And you?" I put an arm protectively around Kalshan's shoulders.

"I'm her boyfriend. My main concern is Kal's well-being. So ask your questions, and fast, so I can get her to bed so she can get a much-needed night of rest." The cop growled something under his breath I didn't quite catch, but it certainly didn't sound nice. We sat on the couch as the cop questioned us. Kal looked like she was going to lean over and fall asleep, so after twenty minutes I cut the interview short and picked Kal up in my arms. Sitting in the next room were my father and April. He was usually still at the office at this time unless someone called with an emergency...

"You," I whispered. Maximus gave me a questioning look. "She called you. God. I wish I could say I couldn't believe this, but somehow it fits so perfectly."

"Grey? I'm tired," Kal murmured. I carried her up the stairs and to her room. After laying her on the bed I pulled off Kal's shoes, stripped off her jeans, and let

her hair loose, all while she just laid there, mostly asleep. Before I left, Kal grabbed my arm.

"Need to go to LA tomorrow," she told me in a voice thick with sleep. "Need to go home." I smoothed her hair back from her face and kissed her forehead.

"We'll have a flight tomorrow morning," I promised her. Then I turned off the light and went downstairs to clean up April and Maximus's mess.

YAY! I found time to write. I kind of skipped some homework... but whatever. Hope you all like it! Comment! I feel more inclined to not do what I'm SUPPOSED to do and write when you all tell me what you think. :)

Chapter 20

The Bet and the Dare; part 20

Kal

I was gently woken by someone lightly pushing my hair from my face and telling me in a quiet voice that it was time to get up. I sat up with a yawn and stretched my arms above my head. Why hadn't my alarm gone off? I wondered. I had school today. Then I remembered the night before. The man with the gun, my mother was a whore, the police insisting on questioning me, and finally Greyson promising to take me home in the morning. After rubbing my eyes I realized it was Greyson who had woken me. He was leaning against my bed looking way hotter then should have been allowed at six in the morning in a

pair of black jeans, a black shirt, and a steel gray sport coat over it.

"How are you feeling this morning?" he asked in a gentle voice. I shrugged. My head hurt and I was still pissed beyond belief that my mother would do such a thing to me, to Kari, but other than that I felt okay.

"We have a flight at eight, so you might want to get up and get ready. I've already packed for you." I nodded and got out of bed. I realized once I was out that I was in only the sweater I'd worn the day before. I had no recollection of undressing myself... which meant Grey had to have done it for me. I blushed slightly and walked over to my closet.

"What about Kari?" I asked him as I rifled through my cloths. "She has school and everything, and I really don't want to leave her with mom." I turned to Grey who had a self-satisfied smile on his face and was leaning against my headboard, arms crossed under his head.

"I explained to Caroline that she needed somewhere to stay, paid her, and left Kari there with a suitcase of cloths. I nodded and finally just grabbed the first top

ad bottoms my hands touched. A dark jean mini skirt and a simple button-up black sweater. I grabbed some black stockings from my drawer and a black bra to match the panties I was wearing. Grey continued watching me.

"Could you, like, turn around?" I requested. He just grinned and shook his head.

"No. I want to see this." I crossed my arms under my chest and glared at him. Grey stood up and walked slowly towards me, the grin on his face turning into a more seductive smile. I started to back away. Grey was soon directly in front of my and taking the cloths from my hands.

"We don't have time, Kalshan," he said in a quiet voice. He grabbed my shirt and pulled it up over my head. Then did something I never thought he would do. Grabbed my bra and put it over my shoulders then hooked the back. Of course, he took it upon himself to adjust everything and I nearly groaned at the feel of his hands on my chest. Next, he grabbed the stockings. First, the right one got pulled up on my leg, then the left one. Each one slowly and Greyson

felt up my legs. By the end I could barely breathe and my skin was becoming flushed.

After my undergarments Grey put on my skirt and shirt and I almost sighed in relief. Then he did a more Greyson-like thing and grabbed my hips to drag me to him.

"I thought we didn't have time," I said in a dry voice. Grey just laughed.

"You know you want to make time," he whispered against my neck. And, okay, I totally wanted to make time. My head dropped back as Grey worked his way from my neck down to my collar bone. Then stopped. Damn him.

"Time to go," he announced in a chipper voice. I grabbed my pumps off the floor next to my bed, pulled them on, pulled my hair into a ponytail and followed Grey downstairs. He hopped the fence to go to his house and grab his car while I waited out front my house for him to pull around. Finally he did in a big Porsche Cayenne GTS. What was it with him and pretty cars? The drive to the airport was silent. Grey did keep a hand on my knee, but it didn't venture

upward and I realized after a minutes that it was his version of trying to comfort me.

We got to the airport, got through security and had just enough time to grab a Starbucks before boarding. I hated flying which was a big reason I almost never went to LA. Four hours of motion sickness, anyone? It didn't really thrill me. When we got to LA Greyson rented a Mercedes ML350 and drove us to the Ritz where he checked us into the penthouse suite and we rode up the elevator.

"Thank you for all this," I whispered when we were half way up. It was just us in the elevator, no one else. Still, it felt awkward for me. I never thanked people. Usually because I didn't get myself into situation where I had to thank people. I took care of my own business as much as I possibly could. Grey grinned down at me.

"Aw, you said thank you," he laughed. I looked away and crossed my arms.

"Fine. Be an ass," I snapped. Grey sighed and pulled me over to his side of the elevator.

"Of course I'm doing this, Kalshan. You're my friend. And this is what friends do. Help each other." We were friends? Interesting concept. I thought I was just another girl he wanted to fuck. We got to the suite and stepped out of the elevator and into the room. It was light and open, but I didn't really see more then that. I was too preoccupied. The room didn't really register in my mind. I got my phone out of my pocket and absently dialed my dad's number.

"Kalshan," he answered.

"Hey daddy. Just wanted to let you know I'm in LA. A friend brought me."

"Good, good. I'll see you at six for dinner then." I nodded then remembered he couldn't see me.

"Yeah." Before I could hang up, he said,

"Kalshan."

"Yeah dad?"

"I love you." I paused a moment.

"I love you too daddy." Then I hung up. I looked around until I found the bedroom then curled up on the bed and went to sleep.

Greyson

While Kal was sleeping I traded the Mercedes SUV for an Audi R8. I didn't really like SUV's. Smaller, sportier cars were more my style. Also, dealing with the paperwork gave me something to think about other than Kalshan and worrying over her. Normally I wouldn't have worried over a girl. It wasn't my style. Getting them in bed and sending them away without having to deal with any of the emotional shit. It had worked for me until Kal got me drunk and forced me to open up to her. Now I was emotionally invested. I'd forgotten how tiring that was.

"Greyson," Kal called out when I reentered the suite. I found her in the room, half-asleep on the bed.

"Yeah?"

"What time is it?" I glanced at my watch.

'Five-thirty." She jumped out of bed.

"Shit. We have to go soon. My dad's expecting us for dinner." Her dad? She had a fucking dad? Obviously she had a dad, it took two to tango after all, I had just assumed she wasn't on speaking terms with her father. She never mentioned him.

"Um, okay." She rifled through her suitcase for a pair of jeans. After finding them, she pulled off her skirt. I groaned quietly in the back of my throat. Emotionally invested I may have bee, but that did NOT change that I was an exceptionally horny teenage guy. So when a girl with gorgeous legs and a perfect ass undressed in front of me, well... let's just say it got uncomfortable. Thankfully she pulled on her jeans then was heading for the door.

"Come on!" she called out. I followed Kal down to the car.

Our destination turned out to be a nice neighborhood with large houses and meticulously kept lawns. Expensive cars sat in front of each of the houses and in a few of those perfect lawns some children played. A few moms passed by pushing strollers and jogging. We pulled up to a taupe colored house with another

jade green lawn and an SUV parked in the front. Kal got out and walked to the front door, pulling out a key. She opened the door and called out,

"I'm home!" A young boy, maybe four years old, came running into the foyer.

"Kal!" he squealed. She laughed and scooped him up into her arms. I hung back by the door, watching the reunion.

"Kyle, honey. How you been?" she asked, tapping him on the nose. He giggled.

"Good. I started kindergarten," he said in a bragging voice.

"Oh?" Kal asked in a lilting tone. He nodded and squirmed in an attempt to get down. Still smiling, Kalshan obliged. Then a petite, blonde pregnant woman walked in. She was maybe thirty-five, very pretty. Kal's smile widened when she saw her. After the woman came a man with the same dark coloring as Kalshan.

"Daddy!" she squealed and jumped into his arms. When he let her go she walked over to the woman

and said in a fond voice, "Natalie," then hugged her. After the greetings were done Kal walked over to me, grabbed my hand, and dragged me forward.

"Everyone, this is Greyson. Greyson, this is my family."

It's too late, or early, or something to be up. And I hurt from cross training and running 9 miles. Sorry of this installment totally sucks but I'm just feeling blah. Homework and I hurt and... I'll stop whining now. Xoxo~Ash

P.S. this chapter is kinds slow, but it speeds up in the next, like, 2

Chapter 21

The Bet and the Dare; part 21

Kal

I looked at Grey who had a rather bemused look on his face. Like he was thinking 'she has another family?' He probably was thinking that. My father's family wasn't a common topic of conversation for me. I didn't know why, but it wasn't something I liked to talk about. I still had Grey's hand in mine. I looked up at him and gave a small shrug. My dad was scrutinizing Greyson closely. Then he asked,

"Greyson Beaumont?" Grey nodded.

"Yes sir." Dad's eyebrows pulled together in a frown.

"You anything like your father?" he asked. Greyson swallowed hard and I felt his palm sweating. I squeezed his hand gently.

"No sir," he answered in a chocked voice. Daddy gave him another glare, then smiled and rested a hand on his shoulder.

"Well then, son, welcome. Come on, let's eat." I looked back at Greyson who was letting out a breath he'd apparently been holding. I smiled a bit at him and led him into the kitchen. Kyle was running in circles around us, going on about school and how he got homework and how he was going to marry his teacher when he grew up. I laughed and ruffled his hair. Dad had made a huge Italian meal. I smiled at the sight. Real food. And I hadn't even had to cook it.

"So, Greyson," Dad started when we sat down. "How do you know Kalshan." Grey swallowed his food and answered,

"We go to school together." He looked down at me with a sly smile. I rolled my eyes slightly but smiled back.

"What are your intentions with my daughter?" dad asked out of the blue. I choked on my water and started coughing. Grey was holding back laughter, Natalie looked horrified and Daddy looked frighteningly serious.

"Um, I'm not exactly sure yet sure, sir," Grey choked out. When he looked down at me, though, making sure dad couldn't see, I could see very clearly what his intentions were. He winked then turned back to Daddy.

"I assure you, though, sir, they are ENTIRELY honorable," he said in a sincere voice. What a liar. If his intentions were honorable I was the Virgin Mary.

"Good," dad answered in a firm voice. "Because if they weren't, I own a shotgun." I buried my face in my hands and groaned quietly. I hadn't known daddy was this protective. The rest of dinner went on in a similar manner, dad questioning Grey and Grey giving totally bull-shit answers so he sounded like a perfectly angelic teen that he just wasn't. After dinner we all stood up and dad asked me,

"Dishes, Kal?" I nodded. We always did the dishes together. It sounds weird, but it was one of those things I loved about coming home. We would play sixties music like Frank Sinatra and dance around the kitchen singing as we got the kitchen clean.

"Greyson, are you good with cars?" Natalie asked.

"Yes, I am." She smiled.

"Good, you can come take a look at mine." They walked off, with Kyle following, looking at Grey like a god. I watched after him as well, my eyes slipping to that excellent ass of his. My dad cleared his throat. I blushed and started gathering dishes mutely.

"So what happened?" daddy asked while he was filling the sink and I was looking through his playlists on his ipod. "With April." I froze and felt my back stiffen.

"You knew, didn't you?" I asked. "That's why you left." My voice broke a bit at the end.

"Yes. You could have come with," he defended himself needlessly.

"I know. I just... I couldn't. Not with Kariana there alone." He nodded and leaned against the counter, his arms crossed over his chest and looking at the floor. We'd never had an awkward moment, but this moment almost felt awkward.

"Same as I couldn't stay," he said finally. I nodded. I understood. "How's Kari?" he asked. I smiled.

"She's great." Daddy came over and pulled me into a hug.

"I'm sorry, Kal," he whispered. I just hugged him back tighter.

Grey

It got way too late drive back to the hotel so we ended up staying overnight at Darien's house. I got the room next to Kal's and it was there I lay and looked up at the ceiling that night, marveling at her family. In Vermont she obviously had Kari, April didn't really count, but this was different. Kalshan was different here. She was actually a child instead of being the adult like she was in Vermont with her mother. I liked this Kal. She smiled a lot, she sang and

danced around a kitchen, she raced around a house with a little boy squealing. She was beautiful and open instead of the mysterious, sexy woman I'd first met.

I glanced at my phone for the time and realized it was one in the morning. Just as I was about to fall asleep Kal knocked quietly and crept inside, shutting the door behind her. I sat up and scooted a bit to the right so there would more room for Kal. She crawled up on the bed and curled up next to me.

"He knew," she whispered. "That's why he left her. Even when they were married April was selling herself. When he found out, he left." I pulled her under my arm so her head was resting on my shoulder. She looked up at me.

"And Maximus is... is..." she couldn't seem to finish, so I finished the sentence for her.

"April's pimp. Yeah, I know. I figured it out when he came home from work before eleven o-clock because she called him." Kalshan nodded and turned her face back towards my neck.

"So I guess we have fucked up parents together," she said in a dry voice. I gave a humorless laugh.

"Looks like." I gave her a small squeeze in a half-hug. "You know, Kalshan, I think I actually like you." She gave a small laugh.

"Gee, thanks Grey." We were quiet for a moment, until Kal whispered, "I think I like you too." Her face was still right by my neck, and Kal leaned over so her lips pressed to the skin right under my ear. Heat ran down my neck and curled into my stomach. Her arm stretched out so it was wrapped around my waist. My arms moved as well so they were wrapped around her. Her lips moved over, across my cheek, and to my lips. She lifted one leg over my hip so we were tangled together, pressed from chest to hip. One of her hands drifted down to grab my ass. I smiled a bit against her lips and pulled away to kiss her neck.

"Isn't that supposed to my move?" I asked in a joking voice. Kal breathed out a small laugh.

"Mine now." We went on for a little while, maybe a half hour, until finally we fell asleep, still curled around each other.

aww... Grey and Kal are falling in wuuuvvvv. haha. or, serious lust... guess we'll find out. ;)

Chapter 22

The Bet and the Dare; part 22

Kal

I woke up warm and comfortable with someone wrapped around me... wait, this felt familiar. I turned to see Greyson. He groaned slightly in his sleep, protesting at losing his spot on my neck. I looked down and realized once again my shirt had come off. What was it with Grey and his ability to get me undressed? With a sigh, I turned my head so it was resting back on the pillow. I would have gotten up, but with Grey's arms wrapped around my waist, his legs tangled with mine, and his head resting in the crook of my neck, there was no way I could move without waking him. But I could smell bacon. And

pancakes. And coffee, my daddy's perfect coffee. I almost groaned.

"Hello," Greyson murmured in my ear, tightening his arms momentarily. His lips didn't leave my ear, instead he kissed and nibbled on my earlobe. His hand coasted over my bare torso and down to my hip, dragging my back closer to my chest.

"I love you with your cloths off," he purred in my ear. Okay, NOW I groaned. Especially when that hot mouth moved across to my throat and to my lips. He gently pushed me so I was under him. His hips settled over mine and I could feel him totally ready. So was I, especially after last night. I couldn't remember being so horny. He gave a sexy nip at my lip and tried to pull away but I gripped his hair and pulled his head back down to mine. Greyson laughed against my lips and lightly kissed me back, then pulled away and lifted himself off my body in push-up position. The muscles in his arms flexed which totally didn't help me.

"Come on," I whined. "Aren't the guys supposed to be horny ones who don't stop?" Grey just laughed at that

and ran his hand up and down my side, coasting over the side of my breast as it moved up. I bit my lip and Greyson, noticing the gesture, bent and kissed that spot, making me moan half in protest to such treatment and half in pleasure. He continued kissing down to my belly-button, barely nipping or licking in some places. I seriously purred in pleasure. All the sex I'd had, no one had made me purr before. Then here came along Greyson who made purr just with foreplay.

"I happen to have a lot of self-control," he grinned down at me. "And I just can't with your dad downstairs. Not after I promised him my intentions with you are entirely honorable." I ran my hands over his shoulders, perfect arms, and gorgeous abs and growled,

"Lie." Grey laughed again. He managed to sound blasé, but I could see his eyes darkening, his skin was becoming flushed, and his muscles clenched under my hands. Just when I thought I would win, Grey got off the bed, swallowing so hard his Adam's apple bobbed. I sat up and tossed my hair over my

shoulder, giving Greyson my best, most seductive smile.

"Come one, Grey. You know you want it," I said in a husky voice. He just laughed, got dressed, and went downstairs for breakfast. With a pout, I followed suit.

Grey

Darien had a whole, big breakfast ready, bless him. When Kal and I got downstairs, he scrutinized us closely. Kal pulled the sleeves of her shirt down to cover half her hands and gave me a glare. Okay, so, yeah, she was kind of bruised from me. In my defense, she got totally hot and bothered with a certain amount of bondage and pain. I looked her over again and nearly laughed out loud at the hickies running down her neck and disappearing into her shirt. Her lips were still swollen from my kissing and kind of bruised from nips. I realized I had to look much the same. Damien glared at me. I was wary at drinking the coffee he offered me.

"SLEEP well kids?" he asked, putting extra stress on 'sleep.' Kal gave him a wide-eyed innocent look and chirped,

"Yep," as if it wasn't totally obvious something that wasn't exactly chaste had happened between us.

"And you, sir?" I asked. His eyes narrowed and the glare got worse. I swallowed hard, remembering his threat of the shotgun.

"I slept just fine. I always do with Natalie close by. And especially lately. With the baby on the way." Dear lord, he was threatening me with fatherhood. At least I could safely say that if Kalshan was pregnant, which I doubted considering I'd seen pretty much her entire body, it wasn't mine. Kal grinned, took a plate piled high with food, and patted her dad on the shoulder.

"Don't worry daddy. There was no sexual intercourse- last night." If you didn't count me going down on her as sexual intercourse... Damien paled slightly, most likely at the pause between "intercourse" and "last night." The poor man. Apparently Kalshan had a thing for torturing more than just me. We ate in uncomfortable silence, then it was time for Kal and me to leave. Thank god. Kal

hugged her dad one last time. Damien gave me a not-so-subtle threat, and we left.

"Well, that was fun," Kal chirped as we drove back to the hotel. I just glared over at her. She just grinned and leaned over to kiss me full on the mouth. While I was driving. And I couldn't stay mad. I sighed and continued driving. I still had to shower and I had to make visiting hours for Anabelle that day. I looked over at Kal and smiled. It was time she met my twin.

So, i'll totally try to get another installment out this week, but no promises. I haven't worked on my book in FOREVER. and i'm scared if I keep putting it off, Alyssa is going to attack me when i get home to Cali. And soccer players are brutal!!! xoxo~Ash

P.S. after I finish Bet/Dare, i'll be starting another story. Just a head's up!

Chapter 23

The Bet and the Dare; part 23 (Yes! writer's block sorta over-ish!)

Kal

As Greyson drove us back to the hotel from Daddy's house, I sat curled up in a small, stressed ball and stared blindly forward at the traffic. I had thought if I found out the truth, it would everything better, all the pain and the hurt would go away. But it didn't, and for that I felt ridiculous. It felt stupid that April's actions would even cause me pain, but they did, and I couldn't make it go away for some unidentified reason.

"Kalshan. Kal." Grey gave me a little shake and I was jerked from my thoughts. Slowly, I uncurled myself

and got out of the car, my door already opened by the hotel employee. We still didn't talk as we took the elevator up to our floor, but the air was charged with a certain energy. Not just sexual, though in the enclosed space there was certainly plenty of that, but an energy that charged the air with knowing. We both knew how the other was feeling. Betrayed, sickened.

"Come on," Grey murmured as the door slid open. We walked down the hall to our room, Grey's hand resting lightly at my waist. It felt good, having his hand there. And I realized what I needed was a good, thorough, fuck. It would loosen me up, take my mind off the situation. And Greyson was just the person for the job. I think he had an idea of what I was thinking because he looked down at me and had a look in his eyes like he knew. He unlocked the door and we both walked in.

"Come here," I commanded. Greyson raided an eyebrow, but did as I commanded. I pushed him up against the wall and started kissing him seriously, making my intent known. I didn't care if it hadn't

been six weeks. I didn't care about the bet anymore. It seemed so stupid now. When Greyson didn't respond I bit his lip hard so he was shocked into opening my mouth. He moaned quietly when I allowed my tongue entrance. Cloths were quickly stripped off until I was left in only a pair of lacy undies and the matching bra and he was in a pair of blue, plaid boxers.

We rolled onto the bed, Greyson getting on top and pinning me down by gripping my thighs with his so I couldn't move. I moved my hands to his boxers and, abruptly, the kissing stopped. Greyson sat up, still straddling me, but he had stopped kissing me. I tried to grab his neck and pull him down, but he wouldn't allow it.

"This isn't happening right now," he told me. I rolled my eyes and sat up so he wasn't looking down at me.

"Why the hell not?" I snapped back. I looked down deliberately. "You obviously want to." He gripped my hips and dragged them closer to his. My breath caught in my throat as my body started to warm up. He didn't go any farther though.

"Yes, but I'm not fond of taking advantage of girls," he told me in an easy voice.

"I'm sober, I got enough sleep, I'm on birth control..." before I could list any more reasons he shut me up with a finger to my lips.

"And you're in an extremely unstable emotional state. If you have sex me with now, you'll hate me and yourself later." He moved from on top of me and I almost grabbed him to force his delicious weight back onto me. But I resisted. Who says I don't have self control?

"I'm going to take a shower. Think about it, why you really want to have sex with me. If it's for a real reason, and being horny as hell counts as a real reason, then by all means, come join me. However, if it's because you want a mind-numbing fuck to lose the memories of the last few days, go running. It works much the same without all the emotional shit." With that, he walked into the bathroom.

Grey

Obviously I was hoping it was just that Kal needed some sex, but I didn't really think that was the reason. I groaned quietly to myself as I walked into the bathroom and closed the door. I had just missed a most opportune moment to have Kal, and I had turned it down. I was officially a pansy. Trying to shrug it off, I turned on the shower and stepped under the spray. My eyes closed and my head dipped back. Of course, behind my eyelids sat a picture of Kalshan, bothered and ready, straddled under me. With a frustrated sigh I turned the water on as cold as it would go. I still needed to visit Belle, dammit.

Yee! I kind of managed to sort of write. Sorry it's not totally appropriate, and I know it's just an entire page about, like, sex, sort of, but it's a serious turning point in Grey and Kal's relationship as you'll find out in part 24. So bear with me. xoxo~Ash

Chapter 24

The Bet and the Dare; part 24

Kal

I took grey's advice and went running. Luckily, I had brought shorts, shoes, and a sports bra. My hair got pulled back into a tight ponytail to keep it off my face. After a few quick stretches I took the elevator downstairs where I got a few funny looks from the other guests. I ignored them and continued out into the warm, LA sun. My legs just started moving without any serious thought from me. I had been a runner at one point, but in the last couple years I'd stopped. It took a moment, but I was soon back into my easy stride.

I didn't wear an ipod, instead I let the sounds of the city be my guide. My breathing stayed even, but labored and that old feeling of warm pain running up my calves returned. It felt glorious. The run wasn't very long, only four miles, but by the end of it I was covered in a fine sheen of sweat and all my muscles felt warm and relaxed. Once again, funny looks in the lobby. Ignoring them, I took the elevator up to the room where Grey was standing in only a pair of jeans, his hair wet from the shower.

"Nice run?" he asked without looking up from his phone.

"Yep."

"Good. Take a quick shower. We need to make visiting hours." I went to the shower thinking, visiting hours?

Visiting hours turned out to be the times when family could visit at Promises Rehabilitation. I almost fainted. He was making me meet his sister. Not that I wasn't totally interested in meeting Greyson's twin, because I totally was. But, for some unknown reason, I was also a bit apprehensive. What if she felt like I was taking her brother away from her? Or if she just

didn't like me. It had never mattered to me before whether or not someone liked me, but it did with her.

"Back for Anabelle?" the woman at the front desk asked us in a calm voice. Greyson flashed her his most winning smile and nodded.

"Yes. And-" he reached back to grab my hand. "I've brought my fiancé." My eyes bulged a little bit, I'll admit. Fiancé?! Where the hell did that come from? I wasn't even sure I actually qualified as a girlfriend.

"Oh, that will be a lovely surprise for Anabelle," she gushed. "Why don't you go on back?" Greyson, still holding my hand, led me down the hall and up the stairs. As soon as we were out of hearing range, I hissed,

"Fiancé?" Greyson merely grinned.

"Yes, well, you have to be family to visit. Since you obviously aren't a sibling, I had to go with that." I rolled my eyes, but continued following him until we reached a light, open room, where a lovely blonde girl with full lips and wide, almond eyes, the same color as Greyson's, was pacing. When she saw Grey

in the doorway, she grinned and threw herself into his arms.

"I knew you'd come today," she laughed in a sight accent, a but more defined than Grey's "I could just fee- who's that?" she asked, looking at me with instant dislike written clearly on her face. I grimaced inwardly, but put a smile on my face and stepped forward.

"I'm Kalshan. I'm..." I paused. "How exactly would you define our relationship, Grey?" He grinned down at me, then at Anabelle.

"Belle, this is Kalshan. She's my girlfriend." Anabelle just sneered.

Grey

It was definitely not going how I had planned. I loved Kalshan, so of course I assumed Belle would too. But if she did, she was hiding it very well. I pulled Kalshan up to stand directly next to me. Belle gave her a slow once over, her sneer becoming more pronounced by the moment.

"Hm. You're not as pretty as his last toy," she finally mocked in an innocent tone. I wanted to crawl under a rock and stay there.

"Jesus, Anabelle," I scolded. "One would think you were raised by cavemen." She rolled her eyes.

"No, just totally incompetent French nannies." I glared at her, but Kalshan just looked calm, amused even. This didn't seem to make Anabelle anymore excepting of her.

"What the hell are you smirking at?" she snapped. Kal's smile just widened as she said calmly,

"Why, you."

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hey all! hope you like! xoxo~Ash

Chapter 25

The Bet and the Dare; part 25

Kal

Anabelle looked stunned, making me more amused. With her model good looks and the feeling of superior control she gave off, I doubted anyone ever crossed her. And being Greyson's sister, even less people were likely to approach Anabelle Beaumont. However, I was damned if I was going to let some pretty little girl snub me for no apparent reason.

"Why the hell would you laugh at me?" she snapped. I just smiled serenely at her tone.

"I'm not laughing," I told her calmly. Her eyes narrowed.

"You look amused," she accused. I raised my eyebrows, still calm and contained.

"You're quite amusing," I answered. Angry color raised up her neck and to her cheeks. Greyson had an odd look on his face I couldn't quite place. Anabelle just looked shocked. I wanted to laugh but forced myself to keep my calm composure. Actually laughing outright at her wouldn't endear me to Anabelle at all. I knew it was mean to be so amused by her reaction, but I couldn't help it. It was SO classic. Twins start out close. One twin finds new love other twin gets jealous and possessive.

"Well you're quite the bitch," she retorted. I shrugged, allowing the comment. It wasn't exactly untrue. I was quite the bitch. Then again, so was she. Or, she was at the moment. I had a feeling underneath her prickly exterior she had the potential to be sweet. Her glare hardened. Um, she MAYBE had the potential to be sweet.

"Thank you," I replied sweetly. She gaped at me.

"Jesus Christ, Grey, where the hell did you find her?" Daren shrugged and answered in the same easy tone I'd taken on,

"School." Before Anabelle could respond, a nurse hustled into the room and whispered something to Greyson. He nodded and told us,

"I'll be right back. Try not to tear out Kalshan's throat, Anabelle." She just glared in response at Greyson's retreating back. We looked at each other for a moment, and then the shouting started...

Grey

Apparently Mr. Berkeley had ordered Anabelle removed from the institution. He said the family didn't want her there anymore.

"That's a lie," I told the nurse as we walked down the hall. She nodded seriously.

"I don't doubt that. When he told us you wanted her removed I looked at her file and saw that drug addiction runs in your family." She gave me a look. "Most families where there's been a history of drugs

don't pull their family members out of rehab early." I nodded.

"I don't want her removed for any reason. And my wishes are legally what need to be followed." It was true. When Maximus had moved me away where I could no longer influence our mother, I'd gotten the court to rule in favor of allowing Anabelle and I to make out own medical decisions. I knew something like this would come up one day, and I wouldn't trust either of our parents to deal with the situation properly.

"Good. I wouldn't want Anabelle out any sooner than you had originally planned." Neither would I. A month just wouldn't cut it for heroin addiction. It took a month just to detox yourself. The two remaining months were spent healing, and even after that, you were never really normal, entirely whole again.

"I just need you to sign this," she told me when we reached the room in the mansion that the nurses used as an office of sorts. I scanned through the paper, then signed.

"While we're here, can I get you anything?" she asked. "Coffee, juice."

"Yes, coffee, please." She got a mug from the cupboard and filled it with coffee from the machine. I took the cup gratefully and we walked back to Anabelle's room in silence. I cringed slightly as I went to open the door, expecting the worst. I gaped when I saw the scene inside. Kalshan was sitting on the bed, braiding Anabelle's hair. Girls. I swore I would never understand them.

Hey! it's friday! haha, just felt the need to state the obvious. Anyway, i hope you all like this installment. Sorry it's so short, but i got to get to bed. Up dark and early for the first meet of the season! WISH ME LUCK!!! xoxox~Ash

Chapter 26

The Bet and the Dare; part 26

Kal

Grey and I stayed with Anabelle for a full three hours, one of the rehab employees coming and checking in on us every fifteen minutes. Anabelle and I had come to an understanding of sorts while Greyson was out of the room and after a few minutes of shouting and accusations from Anabelle and a calm, rather lengthy, monologue from me, it could be said we were, while not friends, allies of sorts. Greyson, upon entering her room again, just looked confused.

"I'll come again as soon as I can make it," Grey told Anabelle as we were leaving. "We're going back to Vermont tomorrow." My heartbeat increased at that, and not in a good way. More in a painful, frightened way. My throat closed up and my chest tightened and I couldn't breathe.

"Okay," Anabelle answered, her voice sounded distant from the roaring in my ears. She came over to me and wrapped her too thin arms around my neck in a hug. My arms went automatically around her waist.

"You'll be okay," she whispered soothingly in my ear. "Take care of Grey for me." I nodded woodenly. I would take care of him, but I had a feeling I was the one who was going to need taken care of.

"Are you okay, Kal?" Grey asked me as we sat, twenty minutes later, in an empty corner of a crowded Starbucks. I nodded, but he didn't seem to buy it, because he leaned in, one hand on each arm of my chair.

"You're not," he accused. "I can tell." I gave a small shrug.

"I don't want to go back," I told him. "Can't I just move here and live with my dad?" He picked me up then sat in the chair and sat me on his lap.

"After we go back and get Kariana you can do whatever you want."

"Okay," I whispered and tucked my face into his neck as Grey held me and stroked soothing circles on my back. I didn't really know exactly what I was so scared of, but I just had a bad feeling about going back to Vermont. Something about it didn't feel quite right. I shrugged it off, feeling ridiculous, and sat up. Grey didn't let go of me when I tried to stand up, instead he grinned at me and tightened his grip on my waist.

"I've never really had a girlfriend I've like before," he told me in a laughing voice. "I had a girl I liked, I guess I thought I loved her at the time, but she didn't like me back, so she doesn't count. So, really you're the first girl I've ever had feelings for. Don't you feel lucky?" I felt shocked. Speechless. Did he really just say he had feelings for me? When did this happen?!

"Um," was all I could say to his sudden revelation.

"Kalshan Dunham, shocked speechless," he laughed. "I think I deserve an award." I rolled my eyes and hit him lightly on the chest, then tried to shove myself from his arms. I was not ready to deal with Grey having feelings for me. Or, feelings that didn't involve lust, indifferent admiration of my looks, and slight camaraderie. But he wasn't describing those feelings. What he was describing sounded a little too close to love for my comfort. My attempts to extract myself just made Greyson laugh again and pull me even tighter.

"Come on Buttercup," he whispered. "You know you like me too." He did not just call me Buttercup again. I'd thought we were over that. Grey shifted me so I had a knee on each side of his waist. We were starting to get weird looks. The college students in the shop looked amused, a couple older people gave us looks that clearly said to get a room, and a table of mothers who had their children in tow gave us glares. I tried again to shove myself from Greyson.

"You're making a fucking scene," I hissed. He just continued grinning.

"Admit you like me, and I'll let you go," he told me back.

"No," I snapped obstinately.

"No you don't like me, or no you won't tell me?"

"No I won't tell you," I answered. Okay, I'd fully been intending on telling him no, I didn't like him, but it was hard to think clearly with my hips pressed right up against Greyson's, and his hands holding my butt, pressing me closer to him.

"I knew you liked me back," he laughed. He gave me a swift kiss, then let me go. I scrambled quickly off him, grabbed my white mocha, and stomped towards the door ignoring the laughs of the college boys behind me.

"Kal!" Grey called out from the other side of the coffee shop. He jingled the keys. Of course, I couldn't really leave without a car. Dammit, what did he want now.

"What?" I snapped.

"Will you be my girlfriend?" Um, I thought I already was... "For real," he said. I raised my eyebrows. Greyson settled back into the plush chair.

"I'm not getting up until you answer me, and I'm your ride back to the hotel." I knew I should have brought money. The shop had gone quiet and all eyes were on me.

"Come on, Buttercup," Grey cooed. "Say yes." I knew I was bright red. This was so damn embarrassing. And he called me Buttercup again! Everyone was still watching me. Someone walked in behind me, and paused, watching me with a confused expression. Jesus Christ!

"Fine," I consented in an annoyed voice. Greyson got up, strode over to me, and kissed my full on the mouth. The coffee shop erupted in applause.

"I'm going to kill you," I growled into Grey's mouth. He just laughed and hugged me, his eyes shining.

Grey

Having found out together that our parents were both in the prostitution business, nearly being killed

and arrested together, asking Kalshan to be my real girlfriend seemed like a silly and anticlimactic step, but a necessary one. Our lives had been so messed up and turned around the last week, I felt like they had to have some normalcy. And she looked really cute when she got all red and flustered. I really did feel the way about Kalshan I told her I did. I wanted her know. Now she did, and she was my official girlfriend. I laughed a little as we drove down the street and Kalshan gave me an annoyed look.

"I can't believe you're still calling me Buttercup," she complained. Wow, I had just asked her to be my girlfriend and all she could do was complain about her nickname. I turned and looked at her since we were at a red light.

"Can't you just, I don't know, be happy for a minute?" I asked. "After all, you did just become my girlfriend." She rolled her eyes. Again. The light turned green, so I pressed on the gas and the car rolled forward.

"I was already your girlfriend."

"No, you were a bet." I grinned, as something occurred to me. "Since I'm officially your boyfriend, does this mean I have to wait six weeks?" I asked.

"I offered this morning," Kalshan reminded me.

"Yes, and I feel you're much more emotionally stable this evening."

"Didn't you just tell my father you're intentions were honorable?" Kalshan asked.

"How much more honorable could I get then pleasing his daughter?" I winked at her.

"I'd be more pleased if we just stayed in LA," Kalshan grumbled. She was acting angry, but I knew she was just scared. I grabbed her hand and rubbed circles in her palm with my thumb. After a few minutes I felt her hand become less tense and relax in mine. I looked over at Kalshan's profile against the setting sun.

"You're so beautiful," I told her. Kalshan just blushed and the rest of the ride was silent, both of us lost to our own thoughts.

It occurred to me today while I was out taking some pictures what a classic artist i am. The teenager who wears too much black, is too thin because I always forget to eat, and bums around all weekend around town on my bike and at coffee shops with an old film camera and my laptop, drinking WAY too much caffeine. It made me laugh. ;D

Chapter 27

The Bet and the Dare; part 27

Kal

"Greyson, shove off," I growled in the middle of the night when I found myself, once again, being sexually assaulted by my boyfriend. The minute we'd gotten out of the car earlier he'd grabbed my ass in front of everyone and bent down to whisper in my ear how good it looked in the jeans I was wearing. Then, as soon as we were in our suite I'd found myself pressed up against the wall by Greyson with him kissing his way down my chest. After shoving him off, I'd gone to take a shower which he tried to walk in on. At dinner he hadn't stopped acting like

the horny ass he was then before bed he'd tried again. And apparently he still wasn't done trying.

"Why?" he asked, nibbling at my shoulder.

"Because I need sleep," I told him in a prim voice. He continued kissing his way down my shoulder and to just under my arm then over to the hem of my little tank top. Swiftly, he lifted a leg over my hips so he could better get to the middle of my chest. He looked up at me from his position between my breasts, smiling seductively.

"You didn't seem to care about sleep this morning. Oh, and last night," he reminded me. I'd have said that I wasn't in the mood, but some things just can't be hidden through a thin tank top, horniness being one of them, because it definitely wasn't cold in the room. When I didn't say anything he laughed and moved his head so his lips pressed to my bare flesh. He started to pull down the tank so his lips could venture further. I shoved him up.

"Greyson, I don't want to do this," I snapped.

"Yes you do," he whispered in a husky voice.

"Not with you."

Grey

"Not with you." I cocked my head. Not with me? I wondered. Why the hell not with me? I was her boyfriend. I should have been the only one she wanted to do it with. And, not to be arrogant, but I was REALLY good. It's not like she wouldn't have fun if she let me have sex with her.

"I'm confused," I told her. "This morning you were all over me, and now you're, I wouldn't say cold," I ran my hand down her body and she shivered slightly, making me smile, "But definitely getting down to luke-warm. Unless..." I rolled so she was straddled on top of me and I was the one laying down. I grabbed her hips and slipped my hands under her shirt. "You want to be dominant." Kalshan just sat there, so I moved my hands back down to her hips and pulled them into a rocking motion. She moaned quietly.

"Grey, stop," she whined. I didn't.

"You don't want me to." She looked torn between two choices. To let me make love to her, or... I just thought

make love. I've never "made love." I fucked, I did, I had sex. I never "made love." I guess the phrase made sense. I was falling in love with Kalshan.

"Yes," she grabbed my hands, put them on the bed, and got off me, "I do. Six weeks isn't up, Grey." She got off me and stormed from the room, leaving me laying on the bed, confused. Was she mad that it seemed like all I wanted was sex? Because it wasn't. I wanted so much more. So much, it made my heart ache.

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aww. Greyson is horny AND in love. it makes me smile ;)

Chapter 28

The Bet and the Dare; part 28

Kal

I woke in the morning to someone lightly shaking my shoulder. When I opened my eyes I realized I was in the tasteful lobby of the Ritz, curled up in one of the chairs, with a steward shaking me awake.

"Miss, would you like some coffee?" he asked. I rubbed my eyes.

"What? Oh, coffee. Yes, please," I croaked out. I ran my fingers through my hair, trying to guess at my state of appearance. I knew I had to look like shit, still in the thin purple tank top I'd worn to bed the night before and a pair of jeans. My hair had to be in

a state of total disarray and my makeup was probably smudged. It was also rather chilly in the lobby. However, I couldn't bring myself to go up to the suite where Greyson waited.

"Here you are, miss. Can I get you anything else?" the young man asked, cool and professional.

"No, that will be all for now," I answered. "Thank you." He gave a nod and walked off. I cradled the coffee in my hands, deeply inhaling the smell before I took a sip. It was a bold, fruity blend. Probably Ethiopian. Very good. I ran my fingers through my hair again, wishing I could get up the balls to go up to the suite. But I couldn't. I couldn't face him after last night and throwing him off. After everything I told him. But the truth was...

"Kalshan?" I looked up at the deep voice to see a tall young man with a nice swimmer's build, chiseled, aristocratic features, dark hair and blue eyes looking at me. A grin touched my lips. I put my coffee down at threw myself into his arms.

"Laurence!" I cried out.

Greyson

When I woke there was no one beside me in the bed. I wandered around the penthouse suite looking for her, but she was nowhere to be seen. Her phone was still on the bedside table. I figured she'd just gone down for breakfast and shrugged it off to go jump in the shower. I would fetch her and demand and explanation after I was clean. The hot water soothed my tense muscles after a rather restless, sleepless night. I'd been plagues by thoughts of Kal.

I wanted her. I loved her. Her everything. Her melodic voice, her smooth, impenetrable exterior and the wondrously soft interior of her soul. I loved it when she smiled and laughed. I loved it when she cried and let me hold her. I loved the way her chestnut hair smelled like lavender and vanilla. And I loved her strength. She was so different from every girl I'd ever known. So fragile, yet so strong at the same time. And I wanted her for myself and only myself.

I jumped out of the shower and quickly dried and dressed. I had to find her and tell her. The elevator

was moving too slow for my taste, and I couldn't stop fidgeting. The other people riding with me gave me odd looks as we rode down. When the car stopped again I got off and ran for the stairs. I sprinted down, taking them three at a time. By the time I reached the bottom, I was out of breath. But I was sure I would see Kalshan down there. And I did. Running into the arms of a tall, dark haired young man, maybe a couple years older than us. She looked so happy to see him. She let him hold her, run his hands caressingly through her hair. My chest aching, I turned and ran up the stairs before she could see me.

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don't be expecting two uploads a day. I just happen to be absurdly sick, so I've been home for a couple days now. Soon I should be back to one a week. Sorry. :/

Chapter 29

The Bet and the Dare, part 29

Kal

Laurence looked as handsome as ever with his sharp, handsome features made more prominent with age, his dark stylishly styled hair and serious, intelligent eyes. And his hands. Those hands. My eyes drifted to his hands as they always had. I felt an old sensation build up, but I forced it down. He was my past. But that smile, I shivered slightly at that smile.

"How have been Victoria?" he asked me, using my middle name as he always had. Only he had ever been able to use my middle name. Like some sort of deep secret between us. Ever since I was twelve he'd

been able to make my senses reel with that voice using my middle name.

"Good," I chirped, feeling someone awkward. As always, I felt young and naïve when he was around. Not myself. "How've you been?"

"Excellent, actually. Been at Oxford the last couple years. Father got me in, of course." I smiled vaguely, still distracted by his presence.

"Yes, how is Xavier?" I asked. He laughed his old laugh. Warm, with an edge. I'd heard that laugh a million times before, but it still hit me with a strong impact.

"He is Xavier. Ever busy, ever rich, ever the womanizer." My smile widened a bit.

"It's amazing he and April didn't get along better." Laurence laughed with me.

"They were very similar." He lifted a hand and brushed it lightly over my cheek, I stilled under his touch. "How are you really?" he asked me. "You look tired." He looked me over and frowned slightly. "And rather rumpled and cold." He kind of choked on the

cold and I could tell he resisted a smile. I rolled my eyes.

"Yeah, I slept down here," I told him. "I'm in the penthouse, though."

"Well here, use my jacket." He took off the black sports coat to put it over my shoulders. It was still warm from his body and smelled like his expensive cologne. He was still using the same stuff he had used when he was in high school. As I inhaled it, I felt slightly faint. It was like the inexperienced junior high girl with her first love again. I was helpless to him and his influence.

"Come on," he bid me. "I already have a table reserved outside for breakfast. We can eat and you can tell me all about high school and what brings you to LA." Oh sweet jesus. I didn't exactly want to explain the entire situation to him, but he could always tell when I was lying. And I always got called out on it...

STOP! I chided myself. I was no longer that young girl who had no control. I was Kalshan now, dammit. I had perfect control of myself. I could lie, I could

cheat, I could seduce. Live by experience was my new motto since I'd left London at fourteen years old after living there for two years. And I'd had a lot of experience in the last few years.

"You're treat," I smiled sweetly. "I don't have my wallet." Laurence rolled his eyes but tucked my arm into his own, tightly muscles one.

"As though I would ever allow a lady to pay for a meal," he scoffed. He always had been an arrogant ass, but he was an arrogant ass who took his roll as public gentleman very seriously. He led me out to a table that was already set for one. Adding an extra place setting would be no problem. I looked around at all the neatly dressed people and felt out of place.

"You look perfect," Laurence assured me, reading me as he did so well. I smiled a little.

"I look like I just woke up from a night of sleeping on a chair," I laughed. He ran his fingers through my tangled hair again, giving me an adoring look.

"Perfect," he whispered again, his fingers tightening in my hair. His eyes went dark with an old look and I

looked away to the menu that the waiter had put in front of me and studied the words without really seeing them.

Grey

Deep breaths, I told myself. Deep breaths. It was okay, everything was going to be fine. He could be an old family friend. Or someone who had recently left her high school for college. There was a definite chance he had just happened to be at the same Ritz as us on the same day at the same time. It was all just a big coincidence. Or so I'd been telling myself for the last fifteen minutes. Lying to myself wasn't really working, though. Not with the way he'd looked at her. The way Kal had thrown herself at him. My Kal.

I started pacing again, unable to stand still for any length of time. I was angry, dammit! She'd just agreed to my girlfriend. I'd never committed myself to a girl like that and the first one I did went and treated me like this. I couldn't believe it. All I'd wanted was a few weeks of her agreeing to try. Agreeing to let me try to make her fall in love with me. And she had in saying

yes to being my girlfriend. Then she invited a guy to a hotel under my nose!

Then again, she could have invited him days ago and was now explaining the situation to him. I couldn't resist rolling my eyes at myself. Not bloody likely. They were probably in another room right now doing exactly what I wanted to be doing with Kalshan. Now I knew what she meant when she said "not with you" at least. Literally, she wanted to do it, she just wanted to wait for pretty boy to do it.

Finally, I got fed up with myself. This was beyond ridiculous. It was cowardly, hiding up in the penthouse. I was going to go down and demand an explanation from Kal then punch in Pretty Boy's face and tell him to stay the hell away from my girl. Because she was MINE. I stormed out of the penthouse and into the elevator. As I stood there, I tried desperately to hold on to my righteous anger. Staying angry, however, was difficult when I was being forced to stand still and relatively calm in the small space.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, the elevator doors opened up into the lobby. Where Kalshan and Pretty Boy weren't. I waved a bellboy over.

"How can I help you, sir?" he asked me.

"Did you see a tall, pretty brunette go anywhere with a big, swimmer type guy with dark hair and light eyes?" I enquired.

"Yes. They're out in the garden café having breakfast," he informed me. I thanked the young man, tipped him, and made my way out to the café. I stopped at the seating bar and ordered a cup of coffee as I scanned the crowd, looking for Kalshan and Pretty Boy. I found them in a far corner. He was talking and Kalshan was sitting looking at him with... something on her face. I couldn't read it exactly, it wasn't an expression I'd seen on her before. Not happiness, amusement, love or even lust. I had no idea what it was, but I was going to go find out.

Hey everyone! It's finally here, part 29. Enjoy! xoxo~Ash

Chapter 30

The Bet and the Dare; part 30

Kal

Just as the waiter was setting out my eggs benedicts which Laurence had made me pick over fruit (apparently I was getting too skinny) Greyson walked out into the garden café. Oh. Shit. Things were about to get very awkward. Please don't see me, I silently pleaded. Dear lord please don't see me. But he did, he looked right at me and looked absolutely livid and... possessive? Definitely possessive. Not good! This was NOT GOOD! Because Laurence, upon seeing Greyson looking at me with that look, turned suddenly possessive as well, grabbing my hand and kissing the inside of my wrist.

"Who is that, Victoria?" he asked me in a soft tone.

"That's just Grey. I- we- he... um," I hastily tried to explain. Please don't get mad at me, Laurie, I thought. Grey chose that moment to walk over to us and rest his hands on the back of my chair. I tried to release m hand from Laurence's grip, but it just tightened to an almost painful point.

"Kal, who's this?" Grey asked me the same question Laurence had asked about him. His hands snaked up to my shoulders where he tugged Laurence's coat off them, caressing the skin as he did, and handed me one of my own. Then he handed Laurence's back to him.

"I don't think she'll need this anymore," he told Laurence in a snide tone. I hastily donned my own sweatshirt. "Now, Kalshan, would you like to tell me who your little friend is?" I could just hear the silent Buttercup in there.

"My older brother," I answered right as Laurence answered,

"Her old lover and boyfriend." Greyson's eyebrows raised and he looked at me with shock.

"Which is it Kal?" I wanted to curl up under a rock and die.

"A few years ago April moved us to London convinced she could make it as an actress over there. Or, I suppose it was really... you know." I gave him a significant look. Greyson nodded.

"Her new location. Please, do go on." His voice was weirdly polite. He was never this polite.

"Anyway, I met Laurie- er, Laurence- when I was over there. And April met Laurence's dad, Xavier. They ignored that we'd had a thing before they had a thing and got married. We kind of stayed together even after they did. They divorced two years later and we moved back to the states." No need to tell him exactly why they divorced or why we'd high-tailed back to the states as fast as we possibly could.

"I see. And you came to the states as well?" Greyson asked Laurie. He shook his head and took a sip of coffee before answering,

"No, I'm attending Oxford at the moment. However, a friend of mine down here needed some help, so I came. And happened to come at exact right time, I suppose." He smiled warmly at me.

"Who's the friend?" Greyson asked, still sounding mild and polite. Not the least bit jealous or possessive. He and Laurence were doing very good, acting like the well-bred boys of the higher class they were. I was almost proud.

"Name is Charlie," Laurence told him. "Nice Aussie bloke." Greyson's hands suddenly stiffened on my shoulders and he said through clenched teeth,

"Kalshan, please go." I opened my mouth let out a disbelieving noise.

"What? No!" Laurence gave me a look.

"Victoria," he barked, "Go." Stiffly, I rose, threw my napkin on the table and left the room with all the dignity I could muster up.

Grey

I sat down the chair Kalshan had recently been using and stared Laurence Van Winter down. Finally, he raised an arched, aristocratic brow and sneered,

"Greyson Beaumont, I presume."

"Laurence Van Winter," I sneered back. Our families went way back, and not in a good way.

"What are you doing with my Victoria?" Laurence asked. I raised an eyebrow.

"Your Victoria? One, she is most certainly not yours. Two, her name is Kalshan." He laughed coldly.

"Yes, but her middle name is Victoria and I think it sounds so much more classy than Kalshan." Wow, but was he snob. I'd been raised in the same world as Laurence, with the same people, the same nannies, the same rules. Yet we'd turned out so differently. That was the thing about position in society. It either made you like or, or like him.

"Personally, I particularly like the name Kalshan," I countered. "What exactly brings you to LA?" I asked him.

"I told you," Laurence snapped. "My friend Charlie is in a jam." I picked up Kalshan's coffee cup since mine was empty and took a sip.

"Charlie is an old friend of mine as well. If he needed help I'm sure he'd have called me since he knows I'm in town. What business do you really have with him?" Laurence leaned back in his chair and smiled.

"The same business I imagine you had with him."

"Since he no longer sells heroin, I can imagine not." Laurence's eyes went sharp.

"What the hell did you just say?"

"What? You in desperate need of a fix? I'm sure he can hook you up with other dealers." Laurence growled something unintelligible under his breath.

"No, you dumb fuck. I work for Maximus," he told me. "Charlie works for me. I thought you two knew each other threw your fathers drug line." I shrugged mildly.

"No. He was my dealer a while back. I didn't even know about that part of my dad's business. Thanks

for telling me, though. I'm sure Maximus is going to be really happy with you." I heard a clicking noise under the table and barely lifted the table cloth to look under where Laurence had a gun pointed at me. I got out my own and also readied to shoot.

"You're not going to tell Maximus you know." I laughed.

"Or what? You'll kill me. It's Maximus's assassins you have working for you. Do you really think they'd kill a Beaumont because you tell them to?" I laughed humorlessly. "I seriously doubt it, Van Winter. Maximus wants to keep me around a while longer." His eyes tightened and he gave me a glare that could stop most people in their tracks. I just continued leaning casually forward, my gun still aimed.

"You stay out of my fucking way," he hissed. I smiled politely.

"I don't think I will, thanks. I kind of like being in your way. It amuses me."

"You are one dumb fuck," he growled. I kept my mildly amused mask on my face. No need to let him

know how badly I wanted to blow his brains out. That would have just given him the advantage.

"So people keep telling me." I put the safety on my gun back on and tucked it into the holster under my jacket. "You have a reputation with girls, Van Winter." I stood and walked over to him so we were nose to nose.

"I already don't like you, don't make me hate you. I'm sure you know what I mean. I assure you, it would be a good situation." With that I turned and left the garden to go find Kal. I had a feeling she needed me.

You think you know what laurence's reputation is. I assure you, you know nothing! haha, but you will soon. xoxo~Ash

Chapter 31

The Bet and the Dare; part 31

Kal

I stormed around the suite, throwing down cloths, shoes, bedding, towel, and various other objects that got in my way. I almost pitied the room. But, fuck! I was beyond angry! With Greyson. With Laurence. And especially with myself. Once again In the face of Laurie's demands I had cowered and given in. It was though nothing had changed in the last few years. As though I were still the young girl infatuated with her first love and who had no way of protecting herself. As though I, once again, were weak.

Weak. An abominable word. An even worse verb. I had one law for myself, a single rule never to be broken. I will never be weak, never give in. And yet, in the face of Laurence, that rule was broken. Here I was, once again weak. Once again bowing under his pressure. I wanted to scream. Everything had changed, yet nothing had changed. When he showed up I felt old feelings rise to the surface, ancient memories came back to haunt me. Finally, I threw a glass vase at the wall, the sharp sound of glass breaking shocking me to my senses and ending my tirade. I felt something warm on my hand and saw that I had cut myself. Too exhausted to car, I collapsed into a plush chair.

Then my eyes grew hot, my throat tight, and a small sob escaped my lips. Tears started streaking down my cheeks hot, wet, and salty. Everything was already so fucked up back in Vermont. I'd hoped that, for a few days at least, I would be able to pretend it wasn't. But it was, and Laurence being here made it one-hundred percent worse. He still had a hold over me. Not of love or even one of moderate affection. I hated him. I hated him because his hold was one of

submission. Cruelty. Pain. The hold of a master who has broken his servant. And even after the jagged pieces were put back together, I was still more delicate. Easily breakable.

"Kal?" Grey called out. I opened my mouth to answer, but noise refused to break from my lips. So instead I sat there quietly and waited for Greyson to find me. It took a moment, but he finally came into the room and, upon seeing me, rushed forward, grabbed me, and cradled me gently against his chest protectively as though he knew. I curled closer to him and cried harder, wondering if he had any idea just how precariously the broken pieces of me were put together. And that he was the glue keeping them attached.

Grey

Kalshan clutched tightly to my shirt, crying. But crying wasn't really a good description of it. Heart-wrenching, terrified, weeping was a better description. I held her tightly, realizing that Laurence had hurt her. Just as I'd thought. They'd been together, after all. And the little fuck was known for

having a fondness of "breaking" his girls. Had since junior high. I just hadn't known Kal had ever been one of them. I stroked her hair gently, rocking her back and forth.

I wasn't sure how long it took for her tears to subside, I just know it was a long time. But slowly they did subside. And soon the only wetness on her cheeks was left over from crying. She looked like she could have still had tears running down her face if she'd had any left. But I doubted she did. I leaned in and gently kissed her forehead, being careful with her. I had a feeling she could break any moment.

"Do you want to tell me about it?" I asked. She shook her head.

"Do you need to?" She nodded this time. I shifted us so we were on the chair, facing each other, our legs twined together.

"You already know I met him in London," she started quietly. "I'd been at an art show, I used to adore all kinds of art. Anyway, this one was all sculptures. Laurence was there with a couple friends. He was charming, handsome, rich, and interested in me. I

was thirteen. So young and naïve. I was just flattered that someone like him would want me." She took a deep breath before she continued.

"We went on a few dates. He was my first kiss. He made me feel things I'd never felt before and I loved it. I very quickly found myself loving him. After a couple weeks he asked me to be his girlfriend. I introduced him and his dad to April. Things were still going good between us. April and Xavier definitely liked each other. They got engaged fast but agreed Laurie and I could continue seeing each other, so we did.

"A few weeks into their marriage, he his me for the first time." A single tear dropped down her cheek. "He apologized and told me he didn't mean it. I so wanted that to be true, I believed him. Then it happened again and again. Soon every time something didn't got the way he wanted it to, he would beat on me. I was just so in love, somehow I managed to justify to myself. He was under so much stress. Playing rugby and getting perfect grades would push anyone to edge. It got worse and worse.

"Finally, a year in, he broke me." Her voice stayed strong as she said the words. I felt rage course through me, strong and hot. Kalshan stood up and unzipped her pants, then pushed them down to expose the top her thigh. The part that had always been covered, if not by shorts, then by garters. A pearly, white scar circled around the entire thigh.

"He got off on seeing girls cut themselves. He liked blood. And he liked braking us. But that wasn't how he got me to do it, of course. He said if I really loved him, I would do this. That if I really wanted him and really wanted him to be happy, I would cut myself. He made me strip down to nothing." She paused for a moment, trying to keep composure. I wanted to reach out and hold her, but Kalshan needed to get this out, I knew.

"After I was entirely naked, he handed me the blade, said to do it. And I did. Because I wanted him to love me. I told myself that if I did this one thing, he would love me. He would want me. It took me a couple months, but I realized that his love of blood was just perverted and that he would never love me. Never

truly want me. So I showed April the bruises. Not the cuts, though. Never the cuts. We called the police but Xavier had so much influence there wasn't a lot we could do.

"April moved us back to Vermont. She may have always rented out her body, but she at least never let a man hit her. And she wouldn't let a man hit me." Kalshan pulled her pants back up and started pacing around the room. "I managed to get myself back together. I made myself strong. I would allow myself to be anything else." She stopped at the window and looked down it as she spoke. Her voice had become detached, somehow that uncaring tone was worse than the pain. The resignation was harder to bear than the sorrow.

"But when I saw him, the old fear came up. If I didn't greet him the right way, if I didn't exactly what he wanted, how bad would the beating be tonight? Intellectually I know he's never going to hit me again. But I remember, it's all I remember." I got up and pulled her back against my chest the just held

Kalshan for a long time, swearing I was going to get Laurence Van Winter if it was the last thing I did.

I don't know about you all, but this part made me cry. :(But it has a happy ending. Sort of... haha. Comment if you like! or if you don't, that's fine too. xoxo~ Ash

Chapter 32

The Bet and the Dare; part 32

Kal

I'd slept all Thursday away, I was shocked to find when I woke up Saturday morning at eight. Seeing Laurence again had so exhausted me emotionally, it had effected me physically as well. And I think I just needed the sleep to sort things out, to work more at forcing Laurence from my very being. Because I had managed to force him to the back of my mind, to not really think of him. But even years later he'd been very much a part of me, of who I was. He had helped shape me and I hated it.

But telling Grey- showing him the scars, both literal and metaphorical- had been a turning point for me. Something had changed. I didn't know exactly what, but I didn't feel so tied down. My shoulders felt lighter. I didn't feel like I was going to throw up. All definite pluses. Still, I felt rather apprehensive about seeing Grey this morning. He'd been completely open with me before about his addiction so I supposed it was my turn, but I was still embarrassed. I had shown myself to be weak and, while I was sure he wouldn't suddenly turn me away for it, I felt as if he wouldn't like me as much because of it.

Stop! I told myself. Stop right there. Greyson wasn't Laurence. He wouldn't suddenly hate me because I wasn't as strong deep down as I appeared on the surface. He wasn't looking for some sign of weakness to be disgusted with, just so he could show exactly how disgusted he was. Greyson wasn't exactly the most openly caring person in the world, but he had yet to give me reason to doubt he cared at least a little. Perhaps a lot. Probably a lot. In Starbucks two days before he'd said he cared. I was amazed, just

two days before... it seemed like so much longer than that.

"Ahh, I see you're awake," Greyson cooed from the doorway. I looked over and smiled vaguely then stretched out like a cat on the bed. Grey held a tray with fresh fruit, chocolate croissants, and mimosas. I'd have said it was too early in the day to start drinking, but it was juts one of those damn mornings.

"I see you've brought food," I smiled. "And alcohol. Definite kudos for you." Grey flashed me a grin, but his face became somewhat more serious as he settled down on the bed next to me.

"Are you okay?" he asked in a gentle voice. I shrugged. I really wasn't sure.

"I don't know. I think I'm going to be. But I've never told anyone... you know-" Greyson nodded. He did indeed know. He'd known all along. Or, had known since he'd realized Laurence Van Winter was my ex-love. I hadn't found out until after I'd dated Laurence that he had been acquiring a reputation for beating his women for quite a while. I certainly hadn't been the first one. Though, at thirteen, I was naïve and

probably would have dated him anyways, sure that I could be the one to change him.

"You're strong," Grey assured me. "An absolute fighter. You'll be okay." It was so hard for me to believe that just two weeks before we'd been dating on a bet, each of us trying to win. The pranks, the arguments, the revenge plots all seemed to childish and far away now. Everything had seemed so important just that short time ago. And now it simply didn't. Now just staying sane seemed like the most important thing.

"We have to go back to Vermont," I said in a quiet voice. "Like, today." Greyson nodded and handed me a piece of paper. A ticket back to Vermont for tonight at twelve. I studied it for a moment, unable to comprehend going back. All my friends would wonder where the hell I'd gone. And I had no answer. They would expect me to act the same. But I was entirely changed.

"You'll be coming too." I made it a statement, not a question. Greyson held up his own ticket.

"Of course. I would never leave you to do this on your own. I love you." I froze slightly at the word love. It made my heart beat quicken, and not form excitement, but fear. Yet, even as the word scared the living daylight out of me, it was comforting as well. Somehow it seemed Greyson's love would help me through. Even if I couldn't really love him back. All the love I'd possessed had been ripped to shreds. I didn't have anything left to give.

Greyson

After Kalshan ate and took a shower, we went to Promises to see Anabelle one last time. She was looking better. No longer did her eyes have bruises under them and her shaking had ceased. Weight had been added to her bones from proper eating and the ability to keep it down and the sun had added a warm honey tone to her skin just in the last few days. Anabelle was starting to look like my sister again.

When she saw us, Belle bounded forward on long, thin legs and threw herself into our arms. Kalshan hugged her back, as did I. The nurses passing us in the hall smiled at the small reunion. It may have only

been days, but it was amazing how days could feel like months.

"I'm so glad you came," she gushed. "Come on, you have to come see my project." Anabelle grabbed our hands and dragged us to another room like an excited child. The room contained various art projects in different stages of completion. At the far war, Anabelle stopped. It was an oil painting. Belle had always loved painting, and she had a natural gift for it. This painting was of Kal and me, smiling at one another. Kalshan's hand was in my own, and the look in our eyes exactly mirrored my own feelings.

"It's gorgeous, Belle," I praised her. She flushed slightly with pleasure.

"It really is amazing," Kalshan told her. "You have a lot of talent," Kalshan only seemed to be half there. I wondered where her mind really was. Anabelle seemed to notice, because her brows creased in a confused frown.

"What's wrong, Kal?" she asked. Kalshan sighed and took Anabelle's hand.

"Let's go sit in the garden and have some tea and I'll explain it to you," Kal suggested. Belle nodded, and we all proceeded to the garden.

Early the next morning Kalshan and I arrived in Vermont. As we gathered our bags she was entirely silent, her lips rather pale and drawn.

"We should get Kari," she said as I started the car. I was shocked by the sound of her voice. I hadn't heard it in so many hours.

"Of course. She'll be at Caroline's." Kal nodded and I started driving. Outside the air was the same as it was every morning. The sun was still rising. Much as I found I had changed in the last few days, in reality, nothing had. Seasons would still come and go. Weekends still anticipated, Mondays dreaded. People would still go on loving and loathing. Dying and being born. It was almost hard to believe, altered as I felt.

Finally, we reached Caroline's house and were back in our little, sleepy town. Kalshan got out and rushed to the door, as fast as she could. Almost as soon as she'd rung the doorbell, Kariana was there, throwing

herself into her sister's arms. Kalshan caught her and swing the smaller, darker girl in a circle. Caroline showed up in the door and said something. Kalshan answered and the two young women hugged. Kalshan walked with Kari back to my truck, which still had Kariana's booster-seat in it.

"Ready to go home, kiddo?" I asked Kari. She nodded enthusiastically.

"I'm glad you and Kal are home," she said. I missed you." I smiled and reached out tog gently touch her cheek.

"We missed you as well." Kalshan smiled slightly at seeing the small exchange. We drove back to the house, Kariana chattering happily in the backseat the entire way. Just as we reached their street, I saw the cars, all with flashing lights. But most prominent in the scene, was the black body bag, being rolled out on a stretcher.

This chapter is kind of slow, but in the next one, it gets faster. Then it's just this whole whirlwind until,

finally, it will be done. Give me a month or so. I know I said that a month ago, but this time I swear it's true! Hope you all like it! xoxo~Ash

Chapter 33

The Bet and the Dare; part 33

Kal

My heart was beating so hard and fast I could feel it in my temples. The quick tempo filled my ears, blocking out all other sounds. The world blurred, then cleared, then blurred again in my eyes. In front of my house. They were in front of my house. April. She hadn't exactly been the best mother, but she cared to the best of her ability. Please let her be okay, I prayed to whatever power existed.

Hastily, I opened the door and lurched forward out of the slow moving car. Pavement pounded against my feet as I sprinted with everything I had towards the

scene. Towards the body bag. People were yelling at me, but I ignored them all, and opened the body bag. April's face, so like mine, was there. Completely still. No life to be seen. Her eyes were glassy, her lips unnaturally pale, her skin rather grey.

At seeing her body, I felt something in me ease down, go absurdly calm. I zipped the body bag back up and waved the people carting my mother's body away off. Greyson's SUV was just pulling up in front of my house. He mouthed, "April?" I tried to nod, tried to indicate that yes, it was her. But, calm as I felt, I couldn't move anything. Around me, I could see mouths moving, but I realized I couldn't hear them. I could hear only the steady thud of my heart. It was still there. I was shocked.

In the car I could see Kariana fumbling with her booster seat. It occurred to me to go help her, but I still couldn't move. The managed it alone, though, and was soon running towards me. The moment her small arms wrapped around my waist, I felt everything rush to me in a moment. Suddenly, I could hear all the chaos and noise rushed to my ears.

Feeling I hadn't known I'd lost in my limbs, returned. And the calm left. I gasped and collapsed to my knees in front of Kari.

"Kal?" she asked in a scared voice. "Kal, what's happening?" Forcing composure I held Kariana close to comfort her as she was obviously confused and scared.

"It's going to be okay. I promise Kari. I'm not going to let anything happen to us." She nodded against my shoulder in absolute trust. Greyson got out of the car and came to stand over us. His protective look suddenly turned to one of being pissed off. I looked over my shoulder to see the officer that had been there the night of the attack on April.

"Look," Greyson sneered. "It's officer asshole." It would have been funny if dread wasn't filling me. How was I going to take care of myself, let alone Kariana? I was beyond a mess right now. I didn't have it in me to deal with my own shit, let alone make sure Kariana had a good life. But I couldn't exactly give her to someone else to take care of. She may have been my little sister, but I loved her more

like a daughter for me. I wasn't going to give her up. As if sensing what I was thinking, she fisted her small hands in my hair.

"Look, it's the delinquents who have missed a full weeks of school. What, were you off fucking for a full week." I felt my eyes flashed and I glared up at him.

"Excuse me. I'll ask you to not speak so crudely in front of Karina."

"What? Is she your "love" child?" he asked in a mocking voice. Angry heat rose to my cheeks, and just as I prepared to blow up in the officer's face, a calm, deep voice came from behind us. I felt myself relax at the familiar voice of Brandy's dad.

"Is there a problem, officer?" he asked. The officer shook his head quickly. "Then I'll ask you to leave. You're no longer needed at this scene." He nodded, saluted Tom, and quickly left.

"Are you okay, Kal?" Tom asked me. I really wished people wouldn't ask that at moments like this. Of course I wasn't okay. I hadn't been okay before, and I certainly wasn't now. Still, I nodded.

"Yes. I'll be fine." He knelt next to me. Tom was only thirty-nine, but he already had fine crow's feet and grey hair at his temples from years on the police force. Too much stress was never good for one's aging process. I was amazed the thought could even run through my head with all that was happening.

"I didn't ask if you're going to be fine. I asked if you're fine now." I just looked at him for a moment, not saying anything.

"What do you think?" I finally asked.

"You can stay with Brandy and me," he offered. "You don't have to get everything together right now." I shook my head.

"No. Thank you, but no. I do have to get it together now, otherwise I'm never going to get it together." He nodded. Tom got it. His wife had died five years before, he remembered what it was like, suddenly having your world shift.

"Okay. Your house will be ready for you in three days. Until then I suggest you stay with a friend." Greyson

stepped forward and put a hand on my shoulder possessively.

"She'll be staying with me." I felt myself stiffen, but didn't contradict him for the moment. Kariana didn't need to hear arguments right now. She needed things calm. Later then...

Greyson

"What do you mean you're not going to stay with me?" I asked Kalshan. We were both standing in Max's plush office, arguing. Kariana had been put down in my room for the night. I'd have put her in one of the guest rooms, but I figured mine was more child-friendly.

"Exactly that," she answered. "I'll stay here tonight, but tomorrow I'm going to be finding an apartment close by the school. I'm going to get a part time job. I have perfect grades, so I can easily get a scholarship. This way I'll be able to support myself and Kari. I'm sure even April wasn't dumb enough to not get a will and life insurance." Before I could answer that, Maximus strode into the room, holding a couple official looking files and with his new lawyer in tow.

"Kalshan, dear, I'm so sorry to hear what's happened." He actually sounded sincere as he took her hands and kissed both Kal's cheeks. She allowed it, but didn't look too pleased.

"Thank you," she answered stiffly. Either completely oblivious to her obvious coolness or simply unconcerned, Greyson opened up the files on top of his desk and gestured Kalshan over.

"The house is completely paid off and your mother saved up enough funds to keep it without you having a job. With everything she left you and her life insurance which I insisted she get, you and Kariana should be able to live quite comfortably together until your both done with college."

"Thank you, Max, but no," Kalshan answered. He gave her a questioning look. "I'm not that stupid. I know the "funds" will be coming form you. And while I appreciate the thought, I'd rather take care of myself. With money that's been earned honestly. Not through whoring women out and god knows what else." Max's eyes flashed slightly and he grabbed Kalshan's arm, stopping her. Suddenly, he had a gun

pressed up against his chest. I wondered when Kalshan had had the time to get a gun. I'd been with her almost the whole afternoon and evening.

"Let me go, Maximus. I'm really not in the mood to deal with this right now. I will allow your hospitality for the night simply because I have no where else to go. In the morning, however, I will be leaving." Max let her go and backed away. Kalshan turned on her heel and left the room. I followed after her. I wanted to reach out and grab her as well, but I wasn't particularly fond of the idea of having a gun pressed up against my chest.

"Kalshan, wait!" She turned to me, thankfully not raising the mini Uzi. I felt my eyes widen. Where the hell had she gotten an Uzi?

"Where'd you get that?" I asked. She shrugged.

"It was in your drawer." Oh. That explained it. It my Uzi. Great. I was providing a reckless girl with heavy weaponry.

"Kalshan, what are you really planning on doing?" I asked her.

"Honestly, Greyson, it's not your business."

"I'm your boyfriend!" I protested. "I love you. I think it is my business." Kalshan raised an eyebrow.

"That's all one-sided, Greyson. All you. Not me." Her voice was harsh as she turned away from me and kept going down the hall. "All my problem. Not yours." I wanted to ask her, what if I wanted it to be my problem? But I didn't think it would make a difference.

Here it is! Part 33. You all are no longer hanging as to who is dead. And I'm sure you all think Kalshan and Greyson will end up together forever. But they might not. Or they might. I really don't know at this point. haha. Love you all! xoxo~Ash

p.s. in case anyone cares, I got 2nd place at my race yesterday! :D

Chapter 34

The Bet and the Dare; part 34

Kal

Monday morning I got up and looked around, confused as to where I was. It wasn't my room. It didn't look like the hotel. For a minute my heart started racing and my previously even breathing turned to hyperventilation. Then flashes of the night before came back to me. I couldn't really remember the entire thing. Just the stretcher, April's too white face, arguing with Grey, falling on the bed and immediately falling asleep. A few whimpers escaped my throat.

Instead of getting up for school I curled myself into as little a ball as I could, trying to ward off the memories and the feelings. Crying would have felt good, but I refused to let myself give in to the weakness. Instead I took a few deep breaths and squeezed my eyes tightly shut. I would be fine. I repeated to myself so many times in the next five minutes, I almost started to believe it. The almost wouldn't have been enough to drag me from bed, except Kari came in at that moment, fully dressed and with a huge smile on her young face.

"Grey made me chocolate chip pancakes," she grinned. I smiled back and sat up, patting the bed next to me. She ran forward and jumped up, allowing herself to be cradled in my arms and her face and neck covered in kisses. She giggled.

"Did he now?" I asked in-between kisses.

"Yes, he did," Greyson's deep voice came from the doorway. I looked up to see him in a pair on jeans and only an apron covering his torso, a smudge of flour on his cheekbone. A small laugh escaped my lips at the sight. Kariana jumped out of my arms and

into Greyson's. He tickled her sides and she laughed, her little ski-jump nose wrinkling in a most adorable way. She hadn't laughed like that in so long, and for a moment I reconsidered turning down Greyson and Maximus's hospitality. Kari was so happy in Greyson's care and I hated to take that away.

But she would happy in my care too! I told myself. We would get our own townhouse close to the school, I could take on a job somewhere in town as a barista. I would go to college in the area. We would be comfortable and happy until it was time for her to go to college. And we DID NOT need Grey for that to happen. We just needed each other. Kari had been happy with only me before, it wouldn't be any different. Grey gave Kariana one last spin then set her on the ground.

"Time for school, kiddo," he told her. Kari pouted.

"You aren't going right now." Grey laughed.

"Yes, but we're big kids. We get to go late sometime. Go on, scootch. James will drive you." She looked to me for backup, but I merely shrugged my shoulders and she stomped from the room, looking rather

dejected. I laughed a little, my lips unable to not smile at the sight of her dark head moving down the hall.

"You aren't leaving," Greyson told me. I raised my eyebrows at the order. He took off his apron and walked over to the bed and kneeled on it, his face perilously close to my own.

"You think you can tell me what to do?" I asked in a voice that sounded a lot stronger than I felt. "I am my own person. And I can do whatever the hell I like," I snapped. He moved in closer and gently ran his fingers over my cheek.

"I'm not saying that isn't true," he said in a soft voice. "However, I don't think you're really thinking straight right now." I shoved him away from me.

"I'm thinking perfectly straight, thank you!" I shouted. Greyson didn't seem fazed by my outburst at all. Instead he took his place on the bed next to me again, except slightly closer this time and he took my hands in his so I couldn't push him. I could bite him, but Greyson kind liked being bitten... The thought

sent my mind to places it didn't need to go when I was trying to deny Greyson what he wanted.

"No, Kal, honey, you aren't," he told me in a gentle voice. "Strong as you like to think yourself, no one can go through what you've been through this last week and be fully okay. Just listen to me." He leaned in close and closer until our lips were so close I could feel the heat of his breath on mine. My lips opened a little. I bit down on the bottom one and, eyes closed, shook my head.

Greyson pulled my lip from my teeth as he had before when I'd been in his shower, but this time instead of receding, he brushed his lips gently back and forth against mine. "Please," he breathed. "Please let me keep you safe," he begged me. With his lips on mine, his hands running up and down my arms, I couldn't say no. I didn't say yes, but I didn't deny him either.

Instead I ran my hands up his stomach and chest and around his neck. Grey was barely kissing me, his lips only brushed mine, and it was driving me crazy. I found myself desperately wanting, needing, more.

Greyson, my Greyson. The thought would have made me stop in Greyson hadn't, at that moment, started pulling off my tee-shirt. I'd never been in quite this little in front of him, and I found myself blushing slightly. I hadn't worn a bra to bed and all I wore for bottoms was a small, lace thong.

"God, Kal, you're perfect," he whispered. I closed my eyes and let his voice take up my thoughts for a moment. Much as I didn't want to be dependent on him, I was. But I could change that.... If he didn't move his head that direction!

Grey

Kalshan was curled up naked next to me. I was still in my jeans and all. Unfortunately. However, Kal looked very comfortable and disinclined to move which was a very good thing. I wanted her to say. Needed to know she was safe. I didn't know why, exactly, but I had a bad feeling about her being on her own. One, she was only seventeen and needed someone to take care of her. And two, I just had a bad gut feeling.

"So, you going to stay?" I asked Kal. She yawned and snuggled closer to me.

"For the next couple hours at least," she answered. I turned her around so she was facing me. She adjusted herself so she was laying on her back instead, one arm flung lazily under her head.

"Kalshan. Really." She sat up, hugging the sheets to her chest.

"Greyson. Really," she responded. "I fully intend on making it on my own. I don't want to need you." I gripped her shoulders.

"Why?" I asked her. "Why can't you let yourself give in for once?" I snapped.

"Because people let you down! You know that." She turned her head. "Besides, if you were in the same position, you wouldn't give in either."

"That's different." I pulled away from her a bit. She looked up at me, her mouth pressed together in a stubborn line.

"How is it in any way different?" she asked me in an angry tone. "You won't let anyone help you, and neither will I. There's nothing wrong with that, it just makes us independent."

"Exactly!" I interrupted. "I get it. I-" Kalshan put a finger on my lips.

"The rules don't change simply because you understand where I'm coming from Greyson." I kissed her fingertip lightly.

"They can't change because I love you?" I asked in a quiet voice. It wasn't the first time I'd admitted to her in words that I was in love, but it felt more significant then before. The time before it had been said in a slightly more joking tone. I hadn't really given her a chance to respond. Kalshan pulled her finger away from my mouth as though it had been burnt.

"No," she answered. "Because I don't love you back," but her voice cracked when she said the words, though, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Liar," I accused. She jumped up from the bed, grabbed her bag, and strode from it naked, calling out,

"Leave me the hell alone, Greyson!" in a tear-thickened voice.

Hey all! Sorry, i know it took FOREVER for me to get this chapter out. I was feeling rather non-inspired for some reason. but I'm back on my feet now, so to speak. I'm going to try to finish this story this week since I'm on break. Love you all! xoxo~Ash

Chapter 35

The Bet and the Dare; part 35

Kal

I stalked into another room of the house and got dressed. Actually leaving Greyson's house would have been much more effective in making my point, however, I was stark naked and had virtually nowhere else to go. So instead I proceeded into a spare bed room and tugged on cloths, quickly brushing away the tears that spilled over my cheekbones. They came too fast, though, and I couldn't make them all go away. Frustrated, I slammed my fist hard into the wall. Not just once, not even just twice. Probably not even just ten times. I

just continued punching and punching the same spot until I finally just collapsed on the spot.

It was all juts so screwed up. I was supposed to live out high school then go on to a big university somewhere in California. Alone. I'd been going to get a job and send for Kari, take care of her. Alone. Live my life. Alone. I wasn't supposed to need anyone like this. Dependency hadn't been an issue for me since I was eight years old. Then suddenly Greyson came along and ruined that for me! He got in the way of my plan. It had been a good plan, dammit! All I had wanted was to be able to take care of myself, not so much to ask, and yet I couldn't even achieve that.

I glanced at the clock and determined it was time to go. I was going to be late for class as it was, better not just skip and entire hour. As if it really mattered. An entire week had gone by and the school probably hadn't even called my house. More than likely, Greyson had someone deal with it for us. I went back into the room where my stuff was, and Greyson no longer occupied, and grabbed my school bag. Sitting

on the dresser was a key and a note in his elegant handwriting,

These are the keys to the black Mercedes.

It is yours to use as you need.

Tears began to well up in my eyes again. Even after I'd been so horrible to him, he was still so concerned about my well-being. And I hadn't even done anything to deserve it. Angrily, I swiped the tears away again. I wanted to stomp my foot like a child. I had nothing to feel bad about! It was not my fault he was "so in love." Hurting like this was ridiculous because I hadn't done anything! Yet, still, I felt guilty as hell. Forcing the feeling off, I made my way down the stairs and to the car. Time to face the hounds of high school.

Grey

Not even going to school definitely crossed my mind. In face, it more than crossed my mind. It was a very conscious decision I made to NOT go to school. I simply couldn't bare to face Kal. Not after what she said. She didn't love me. Again, a small pang came in

my chest. She was lying, I knew she was lying. It was so very clear in her eyes that she felt for me exactly what I felt for her.

But it still hurt that she continued to deny it. Over and over. No matter how many times I told her I loved her, I knew she would never admit it until she was ready. But I feared by then it could be too late. A person's heart could take only so much abuse before it simply gave out. So instead of going to school, I went to the park I'd recently discovered with thick tall trees, lush green grass, and a beautiful blue lake. The area was soothing, with the runners jogging through, the mothers sitting on benches watching over their children as they played.

I got out of my car and made my way down to the trees. They were close together and thick being part of a forest so the interior was dim and cool. And moist. I loved the way the moisture in the air clung to my skin and hair, dampening it slightly. As I walked farther in, I heard a moan off to the right. My first thought was, 'get a room.' But then I realized, it was

the moan of a hurt person. I turned and sprinted in that direction until I reached a small clearing.

"Charlie!"

Okay, so, maybe I won't get it out as soon as I wanted. I'm kind of forcing myself to have a life because I feel bad about ignoring my friends all the time for writing and homework. But the new installment should be out soon. xoxo~Ash

Chapter 36

The Bet and the Dare; part 36

Kal

I walked into stagecraft feeling worn and tired. Haggard. Not even my coffee was helping. And I hadn't seen Greyson's car in the lot, which I took as a bad sign. That meant he absolutely didn't want to see me. Which I knew meant I had wounded him terribly. Once again, I wanted to simply collapse and cry. Instead, I forced a smile to my face and took a deep drink of my coffee, burning my tongue.

"Hey all!" I called out. Everyone turned to see me. Then I was bombarded with questions.

"Where the fuck were you?"

"Why didn't you leave directions?"

"Do you not fucking care about this play at all?!" all came flying at me at once. I held up a hand, silencing them.

"First question, I was in LA, visiting family. Second question, I redid the set design. Third question, of course I care. I redid the damn set design, didn't I? Any more questions?" Chris piped up,

"More of a complaint. You know we can't read you're damn drafts." I turned and looked out at the stage.

"For being unable to read the drafts, the set came out quite nicely." They were all mute, my point proven, I proceeded on to the loft where I threw myself down on the couch and laid there, half asleep, still sipping at my coffee. The peaceful moment was interrupted when Morgan came up and sat herself right down next to me.

"So, Grey was gone too," she commented. I felt myself stiffen slightly at the mention of his name, but managed to keep mostly cool about it.

"Hm, he did mention something about a trip. I suppose he figured since we would both be gone it would be the best time." I flashed her my best "innocent" smile. Granted, I was entirely innocent. Or, mostly innocent. It wasn't like anything had happened while we were away... Or, nothing too bad.

"This is the problem with having friends who are so good at lying," she muttered. I laughed, and though it felt strained it sounded entirely real.

"I'm not lying. Cross my heart and hope to die." Dying actually didn't sound like such a bad idea right now. Except for Kariana. I could never leave her on her own. She'd already lost her mother. Not that it would really impact her life all that much, not having April. Not having me, however, would make her entire life fall apart. I wondered if taking Greyson out of the situation right now was best for her. She really liked Greyson, I could tell. And he made a good father figure. He was careful around her, he never argued with me in her presence, he even made her pancakes. Would living with Greyson really be so bad?

Yes! The rational part of my mind argued. Living with him for a little while would turn into a permanent arrangement. Then what would we do? Greyson and I didn't share some great love, no matter what he told himself. We lusted after one another and made decent friends. But eventually we would both move on to other people. My boyfriend wouldn't like me living with a past lover and his girlfriend wouldn't like the situation either. Kari and I would have to leave. Cutting it off sooner would be best for both of us. Like pulling a Band-Aid off quickly. The pain recedes quicker.

"Um, hello! Earth to Kal?!" I looked at Morgan blankly for a moment.

"Sorry. I was thinking." She shook her head a little.

"Deep thoughts." I shrugged. She had no idea.

Grey

Charlie was laying in the clearing, hugging his knees to his chest. Blood came from his mouth when he coughed and from what of his body I could see his body was covered in bruises and scratches. I rushed

forward and kneeled next to him. His eyes opened and he whispered out in a strained voice,

"Beaumont." I forced a smile and smoothed some of his hair from his face. My fists clenched in anger for whoever would do this to my friend. Charlie had helped people. Not just me, others as well. He may have been a dealer, but he wasn't a total jack-ass. He would never screw anyone over. He certainly wouldn't ever beat someone else up. So why had someone else fucked him up so bad?

"What the hell are you doing here?" I asked, my hands fluttering over the rest of his body, at a lack of what to do to help.

"Van Winter," he coughed out. I should have known Laurence would have something to do with it. He seemed to be tangled up in everything that was fucked up lately.

"Is it okay if I call an ambulance?" I asked. "I can make sure no cops." Charlie managed a small nod. I called 9-1-1 and requested the much needed ambulance. Then I made Charlie straighten out so I could check his condition. Being the son of a doctor

hadn't taught me nothing. Even if Maximus had a more shady side-career, his public one was still legit.

"This may hurt," I warned him. Charlie nodded and I could see him kind of brace himself. I started at his head, feeling various bumps and when my hands came away they were wet and sticky with blood. I cursed under my breath then ran my hands down his neck and to his chest. He winced and I tore his shirt open to reveal various cuts. His ribs were already turning a nasty black-blue color and blood smeared over his rib cage which was somewhat distorted from broken ribs. I winced just by looking.

Before I could get any farther, though, the paramedics were there, lifting him into a stretcher and treating immediate wounds. I gave them my assessment and my friend was carried off into the back of an ambulance. I rode in the front, despite strong protests. I needed to stay with him, and it wasn't as though they were going to deny the boss's son. Kalshan. I needed her now. Calling her crossed my mind, but I knew she wouldn't come.

Chapter 37

The Bet and the Dare; part 37

Kal

I managed to avoid too much questioning until lunch when everyone was there at the café, hovering. Asking questions. Finally, Caleb shut everyone up with just a wave of his hand. I didn't know how he did it, but Caleb had this specific talent for controlling the attention of a room, and he used that talent now.

"Quiet down," he ordered in a quiet voice. But our entire group quieted down, along with the rest of the café. Everyone looked over at us, all attention was on me. I glared at Caleb who merely shrugged. He was

kind of the leader of the group, and as such, leader of the school. And, I could tell, he, too, was morbidly curious.

"So, where were you and Greyson, Kalshan?" he asked. "We're all dying to know." I kept my mouth firmly shut. April leaned over and whispered in my ear,

"If you don't say anything, people will assume it's worse than it is." I wasn't sure it could be worse than it was.

"I was in LA with family if you all must know," I answered in a flippant tone. "And I don't want to talk about it. In case no one heard, my mother was found murdered. I would think you all could have some modicum of respect for my situation." With that, I stood, whirled around, and left the café.

Grey

Ring, ring. Ring, ring. Ring, ring. Hey, you've reached Kalshan, leave a message and I'll get back to you as soon as I can. Beep

I threw my cell phone down in frustration. She needed to answer her goddamn phone! I needed her to answer. He'd gone after Charlie, now he'd be after me. And Kal.

I know, it's short. Deal with it. but it needed to be.This part sets the rest up for the end. muhahaha.

Chapter 38

The Bet and the Dare; part 38

Kal

I stormed down the street in long, angry strides, letting the feel of the concrete pounding on the soles of my shoes and into my feet fill my mind. Angry color rose up my neck and my cheeks and brightened my eyes. There was no mirror for me to look in, but I could feel the heat in my skin. My hands were clenched in tight fists at my sides. I started walking faster and faster, until I was jogging, then sprinting.

I ran down the sidewalk as fast as my legs would carry me. My lungs burned with every inhale and exhale but I kept going. Sprinting. I didn't even know

where I was going. I was just going. My Vans weren't really meant for running, but it didn't matter. Neither were the mini skirt or the long sleeved tee-shirt. Yet run I did. And instead of slowing down, I kept speeding up. My legs carried me faster and faster as I flew down the sidewalk. My hair flowed behind me, caught in the wind.

As I ran, visions came to my mind. Visions I didn't want to see. Chris walking out of the door when I was little. Men walking in and out of my house as April saw fit. My life before Greyson. Then him. Greyson's face. Smiling, frowning, sad and absurdly handsome with every expression. And concern. With that, the picture of April came to my mind again. One part of my mind, the sane part of my mind, yelled in protest of the vision. Yet it didn't leave.

Finally I stopped running and leaned over, forearms braced on my knees, breathing hard. My hair stuck to the beck of my neck in a cold sweat, the rest of it tumbled around my face, hiding it from the passing people. I didn't cry. I'd cried so much lately, all my tears seemed to be gone. In my back pocket, my

phone was vibrated insistently. I took it out and answered,

"What?" in my short-tempered way.

"Thank god, you're still okay," Greyson breathed. I raised my eyebrows.

"Why wouldn't I be?" I asked.

"Van Winter," he told me. "He's here." I laughed.

"What? Are you two chatting up about me? How cute." Greyson growled something that didn't sound very flattering under his breath then snapped,

"Fuck no. He attacked Charlie. Who is also here."

"Charlie?" The name sounded familiar, but I couldn't quite place it.

"My old drug dealer. The one who put me in rehab," he told me in a 'duh' voice.

"Whatever. Just because your old drug dealer got the shit beat put of him doesn't mean I'm going to. I'll be fine. Just leave. Me. Alone." With that I ended the call and put my phone back in my pocket. Before I could

do anything else, though, I saw a tall dark figure walking towards me and I froze. He grinned at me.

"Your turn, Victoria," he told me. My eyes went wide, and I turned to flee, wishing for my gun.

Grey

I looked at my phone for a minute, feeling bereft, then set it on the counter and pinched the bridge of my nose.

"You okay, mate?" Charlie asked me in a concerned voice. I shrugged my shoulders a little, squeezing my eyes shut. Kalshan had to listen to me. Somehow, I had to make her. If Laurence got his hands on her, it wouldn't be pretty. Instinctively, I knew that. She had thwarted him, escaped him, been stronger than him. His pride wouldn't allow that and Kal, my Kalshan, would suffer because of it.

"What happened?" he asked. I looked up to see Charlie looking at me, concerned.

"She wouldn't listen," I told him. "You know what Laurence is going to do if he gets his hands on her."

Charlie nodded seriously. He sure as hell knew. My phone vibrated and I quickly slid it open.

HE FOUND ME! was all the text said.

"I have to go," I told Charlie. I took a gun from under my coat and gave it to him. "Keep this, just in case." He nodded, took the gun, and the last sound I heard as I left the room was him checking the magazine.

Chapter 39

The Bet and the Dare; part 39

Kal

I sat in the middle of a warehouse, a gag in my mouth (on the plus side, it was clean) and my hands tied behind my bag. My ankles were tied to the legs of a metal chair and there were two big, bulky thugs with machine guns standing guard by me. The younger one, who looked to be about twenty-five, leered at me as he stood watch, making me gag more than the cloth tied around my mouth.

I wasn't sure how long I sat there before Laurence walked in, looking crisp and clean in a neat, gray suit and a dark purple, silk button down shirt. His hair

was brushed back in its usual, neat style and a small smile rode his lips. When he unbuttoned his jacket I could see a shoulder holster holding two guns in it. Laurence dismissed the guards and ungagged me.

"Damn, Laurence, I never expected you to be so very cliché," I told him in a sweet voice. He slapped me across the face so hard the force made my head turn. The cheek tingled with painful heat.

"Shut up, Kalshan," he spat at me. "You're in no position to bait me. Do you not see where you are?"

"No. I'm blind," I answered flippantly. He hit me on the jaw, cutting my cheek against my tooth. I spit out blood onto Laurence's shiny shoes.

"You never learn, do you?" he asked. "I suppose you can't teach a bitch new tricks, though, can you?" I smiled and shrugged as much as I could. Laurence looked confused, so I guessed I didn't look like I was shitting bricks, even if I was.

"I don't know. Since I was with you, I've learned some pretty interesting... tricks," was my response. Laurence punched me hard in the gut. I forced my

breath out and tightened my muscles when I saw where the hit was directed, but it still hurt like a bitch.

"Aw, it's cute when you're jealous, Laurie," I taunted him. Dumb idea. I got another punch to the gut, an elbow to the collar bone, and a hard backhand to the other side of my face. I clenched my teeth and held back a whimper. I was pretty sure he cracked my collar bone, positive there was going to be major tissue bruising over my ribs, and I was going to have a black eye.

"SHUT UP!" he roared. I bit the inside of my cheek, trying not to scream. My bravery was running out and now I just wanted to curl up and disappear.

"Why, Laurence?" I asked quietly. "Why would you do this to me?"

Grey

As I drove down the street I activated the app on my iphone with the GPS. I'd put Kal's phone on my list the night before when she'd been asleep. The map came up and Kalshan's position was marked by a red

dot on the map. I clicked on the spot to see what was in the area. An abandoned warehouse was on the list. I drove home to get extra fire power, then made my way to the outskirts of town. It would be just like Laurence to be as cliché as to hold her in an abandoned warehouse. Lucky for me, that would make Kalshan easier to find. Hopefully I would find her in time.

And the anticipation builds... :) xoxo~Ash

Chapter 40

The Bet and the Dare; part 40

Kal

"Why do you think?" asked the light, childish voice. I recognized that voice. I turned to see Anabelle standing against a far pillar, her arms crossed over her chest, and looking cool and calm in a pair of dark jeans and a loose tee-shirt with a blazer over it. Her blonde hair had a luster to it I hadn't seen in rehab and her skin glowed with the look of someone who had gotten some sun.

"I don't know, Anabelle. Why don't you tell me?" She stepped forward so she was in the light of the window. She looked different. With Grey around she

looked sweet, innocent, loving. When he wasn't there she had a cruel, cold look in her eyes. It was like looking at an entirely different person. One who I'd never met.

"He wants you. Wants you broken and begging." I went cold at her words. If Laurence really tried... I wasn't so strong now. Yes you are! I screamed to myself. Strong and smart and in control. With some struggle, I managed to school my features into a calm, uncaring expression. An expression to meet theirs.

"And what part do you play in this, Anabelle?" I asked.

"I want Grey," she said. My eyebrows pulled together as I studied her, trying to find an answer in her face.

"I don't get it," I admitted. "You have Greyson. He's your twin." She gave me a look as though I were the most stupid person she'd ever met.

"I don't have him the way I want," she said through clenched teeth. My eyes widened. Okay, now I got it.

"You want him that way."

"Why do you think I hated you?" she spat. "Hated every girl he ever brought home. You all get what I want but will never have." I opened my mouth then closed it again, thinking better of saying anything. There was nothing I could say that wouldn't be putting my foot in my mouth.

"Disgusted?" Laurence asked. "Me too. But, I wanted you, and Anabelle gave me the opening." At this point, I figured if anyone could be an ally it would be Anabelle. Definitely not Laurence. He was too keen on the idea of torturing me until I would do whatever he said. But Anabelle was only here because she felt something she shouldn't and had no other way to face it. She needed a friend.

"No, actually, I can see where she's coming from," I lied. In truth, yes, I thought it was pretty gross. "Greyson is hot, caring, just oozes raw sexuality. I don't know a girl who wouldn't want him." Please let this work, I prayed. Please let it work. If god existed, I would be the best little girl in the whole world, I would become a nun, if he would just let this work!

"But he's her twin!" Laurence protested. Clearly, he didn't realize what I was doing. And he wasn't helping himself here. He needed Anabelle for this to work.

"And Anabelle is beautiful as well. They would work so well together," I answered. "I'm sure they would be quite compatible in every way because of the fact." They both appeared to be buying it. Keeping my face schooled in its easy, uncaring look was becoming increasingly difficult, though. I just wanted to collapse on myself and start screaming. Or crying. Or both. Definitely both, actually.

I nearly started laughing. It seemed so ridiculous that, even in that moment, I could think so clearly about what I would rather be doing. I had a gun pointed at my head, yet my thoughts stayed entirely clear. If this was what the anticipation of death felt like, I felt almost cheated. I'd expected, should anything like this happen, it would be so much more dramatic. That my life would "flash before my eyes" as was the cliché. But there was no flashing.

"Shut up Kal," Laurence sneered. I looked at him, broken from my musings on death. "I know what your doing," he said. "Don't listen to her, Anabelle. She's just trying to manipulate you into going against me with her." I nearly cursed out loud.

"Greyson will come get me," I promised. "He'll stop you." Laurence cocked the gun and pointed it at my face.

"Can't save you if you're already dead," he told me.

"I thought you wanted to break me," I countered. He laughed.

"I do. I want to break that pretty face of yours into pieces." Then his finger moved to the trigger and I felt my entire body go cold.

Grey

"I wouldn't, Laurence," I snapped as I walked into the warehouse.

"Of course you wouldn't," Laurence sneered. "After all, you're so in love with her, right?" I just shrugged.

"Sure, it could be put that way," I answered in a nonchalant voice when inside I went cold at the sight of Kalshan with a gun to her head. I itched to go for my own gun, point it at Laurence and shoot, but that wasn't the best course of action I could take at the moment. I would much rather reason with him, get Kalshan released, and not be up on murder charges. I'd managed to avoid getting caught thus far, but there cameras and GPS systems that would place me here, and now didn't seem like the best time to get caught for killing.

"If you don't feel that way, why'd you come?" Laurence asked, his fine brows pulling together quizzically.

"Why did you take her?" I asked calmly.

"Mainly, to thwart you," he answered.

"And that's why I'm here. So, since I don't feel all that thwarted, I suggest you give her back to me and we can just go our separate ways," I recommended. Laurence looked confused for a moment, then his usual smirk came back.

"One, you are lying. You and this one," he slapped Kalshan hard across her already bruised face, making me wince, "Seem to have that in common. Two, I want her for more than means to get to you." Laurence, previously so rough, ran his hand slowly and caressingly down her face which I found made my stomach turn more than the slap. "I'm going to brake her fully this time and she's going to be mine." I barked out a laugh.

"To fully brake her, she'll be dead and useless to you. Unless you lean more towards the necrophilia tastes. Not that I would be surprised if you did..." I kind of trailed off, my hands shoved in my pockets, and shrugged. I'd actually heard a rumor that he'd raped the bodies of one of his exes, but there was a definite chance it had been a rumor. Except that he was sheet white at the mention of "necrophilia."

"That's sick," a voice I knew better than my own said from me behind me. I turned so fast I lost my balance for a moment, but my eyes didn't deceive me. There she was, my Anabelle. She looked beautiful, her skin and hair were lustrous. She'd gained back the last of

her weight and had on her usual casual but stylish cloths. But her eyes, there was something off about them. They kept going from warm and deep to depthless and cold. Watching the change was giving me whiplash.

"No more sick than your lust for your goddamn brother," Laurence spat back at her. She turned her head from him and to me. I didn't move a fraction of inch as she looked over me. And for the first time, I saw the hunger in her gaze.

"What is this?" I screamed. "Some kind of sick joke?!" Kalshan laughed.

"No, it's far to real. My ex is fucking nuts and your sister has extreme interest in incest. Clearly, we have big issues to work through here. I suggest you two go to therapy together and let the normal people go," Kalshan grinned at them in a sarcastic tone. Laurence leaned over and hit her in the ribs hard a few time and hard in the gut. Kalshan coughed a little when he was done and spit out blood.

"I agree with her," I said in a hesitant voice. Anabelle's eyes went wide and tear-filled as she looked at me.

"You don't mean that?" she asked quietly. I snorted.

"Belle, you're my twin. Of course I mean that." She rushed forward and wrapped her arms around my neck.

"But we're both so perfect. You and me, Greyson, we'd be the perfect couple. And I love you," she cried. Tears streamed down her cheeks. She leaned in and kissed my lips. I kept mine closed as she kissed me with undeniable hunger. When I didn't respond she let out a frustrated groan and moved on to my neck, then down to what of my chest was exposed by a v-neck sweater. I didn't move, just let her get it out of system, hoping she would realize she didn't want me this way.

"Laurence do something," Anabelle sobbed as she moved away from me. "You promised he would be mine." Laurence shook his head.

"I promised I wouldn't kill him. But it doesn't seem like that matters anyway. He wants this one." He shoved Kal's chair a bit with his toe so it rocked. Anabelle strode over to Kalshan, a look of fury on her face, and slapped her across the cheek, leaving a welt. Then she scratched down her neck and face, shook her shoulders hard. I started over to them to pull her off.

"I'm going to kill you!" Anabelle screamed. And she certainly looked like she had plans to kill Kal. My Kal. Not happening. I took my gun out and pointed it at Anabelle, tears coming to my eyes as I did so. My own twin, I was having to go against my own twin.

"Anabelle!" I roared. She turned to me, then, seeing the gun, grabbed Laurence's gun who whined in protest. Idiot, always come with backup.

"If I can't have you, no one's going to!" she screeched." Her finger moved to the trigger and she started to fire at me. I aimed quickly at her chest, and fired. The jerk made her bullet go off and merely graze my arm. I was sure that it would hurt later, but

for now, all I was aware of was the roaring in my ears and the sharp, sharp pain in my chest.

"Put the weapon down!" a voice yelled. When I looked up we were surrounded by cops and medics. I dropped my gun and backed away, hands up. Kalshan gave me a weak smile from her stretcher and Laurence was being put in cuffs. Over, it was all over. That was my last thought before darkness overtook me and I collapsed in a dead faint.

And "all over" it almost is. Only one more installment. YAY! I hope you all liked it. comment, vote, whatever. Thanks for reading! xoxo~Ash

Chapter 41

The Bet and the Dare; epilogue

Epilogue

3 weeks later

Kal got out of the car and thanked Tom for the ride. He had offered to allow her to move in with them, but she had declined. Moving on was something she had to do for herself and something that wasn't going to happen if she was still dependent on someone else. Shifting her backpack, she walked up the steps to her front door. It turned out April had left her plenty of money, so she could keep the house. When she walked in, it had to be one of the best moments of her life.

When she had been in the warehouse it hadn't felt like much, but it had been. Broken ribs, internal bleeding, gouges on her face that got dirt and such rubbed in them from Anabelle's scratching. Kalshan had been in the hospital for three weeks. Every day she'd had at least five visitors. Her friends took "shifts" as they called the visits. And of course Caroline had brought Kariana to see her every day. The only person who hadn't come was Grey.

He'd gotten out with minimal physical damage, just a graze from a bullet, but she knew the psychological damage had to be serious. He'd found out how his twin had really felt about him, then had to kill her. Kalshan put her bag down and took a deep breath. That was why he hadn't come, she knew it had to be. He blamed her. When she looked out her window and looked out on the backyard she saw the boy in question, his sleek, strong body barely making a ripple as he swam laps.

She turned and sprinted down her stairs and to the backyard where she jumped over the fence and into Grey's backyard. She shoved her hands into the

pockets of her zip-up hoodie and looked down at the water until Greyson finally noticed her and stopped swimming. He made his way over to the edge of the pool and propped himself on the edge, looking up at her.

"What's up?" he asked.

"Why didn't you come see me?" Kalshan asked in a voice thick with weakness. Greyson pushed himself out of the pool, his muscles rippling. At any other time Kalshan would have been fascinated by how sexy the view was, with the water glistening off his tan skin. But right now, she was hurt.

"I didn't think you wanted me to," he admitted.

"Of course I did." He stepped forward and traced his hand over her cheek, much as Laurence had, as though ridding himself of the memory and replacing it with his own. Then, suddenly, he pulled her close to him and hugged her tightly.

"I'm sorry, Kal," he whispered.

"How are you doing?" Kalshan asked quietly, allowing Greyson to hold her.

"Okay, I guess. I don't want to talk about it right now." Kalshan nodded against his chest, then looked up at his face, a smile coming to her lips. She backed away from him a little.

"It's six weeks you know," she told him in a throaty voice, trailing a finger down his chest and stomach. Greyson grinned.

"Is it now?" Kal nodded. "What do you propose we do about that?" She shrugged and gave Grey an impish look.

"Well, I did lose the bet. I suppose I'm your sex slave for the next two months." Greyson, who had already gotten her hoodie and shirt off, took Kal's hand and started leading her to the steps of the pool. She kicked off her shoes and followed him into the water, jeans and all.

"Can we make that a lifetime?" Grey asked, pulling Kal into his arms. Kalshan kissed him deeply and lovingly and nodded.

"I love you," she whispered against his lips, thinking that a lifetime sounded good to her.

Finis! The end! It's done! i hope you all enjoyed Kalshan and Greyson's story! I certainly enjoyed writing it. Thanks to all of you who supported me, became my fan, made comments, and voted. I totally appreciate it. Stay tuned for The Manor and more to come after that! xoxo~Ash

Chapter 42

The Bet and the Dare (character pix)

so, here's how i imagine the main characters. I don't know how to attach a picture, haha, so here are some links to each person. :)

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http://images.nymag.com/images/2/daily/fashion/08/07/30_newgirl_mstreck_lgl.jpg
Martha Streck- So, this is exactly how I imagined Kalshan. Just change the hair to dark brown and give her bright blue eyes and it's practically Kal in real life

http://kingchic.files.wordpress.com/2009/03/aj_1.jpg

AJ Abuarlub, one: he totally does resemble Greyson in my head, two: he is incredibly tasty, three: he totally looks like he could be related to Gemma Ward... kinda freaky.

http://fashionista.com/images/Gemma%20Ward.jpg
Gemma Ward- she is one of my favorite models but it didn't even occur to me that oh my god, she looks exactly how I imagined Anabelle in my head! Haha, funny how that works. And nothing about her would need changed. Coloring, everything about her is perfect

About the Author

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